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ALL SOULS'

Francis Geyer

Circumflex firs. At last the sun
Buried all day, appears and fills
The snow with green. Too late, it is
Already evening, and the hills

Sharpen the silence of cold skies.
One ray, with a grandmother's finger,
Tender and dry, strokes on the glass.
Below the firs deep shadows linger,

While clouds exchange evasive tones.
Brittle, frail as an insect wing,
Last light vibrates, is trapped within
Night's web, is gone, and wandering

Inhuman-human presences
Swarm to my lighted candle's flame,
In metaphors of silence beg
A human syllable, a name.

AUSTRALIAN IMMIGRATION POLICY

J.G.Latham

THE immigration policy of Australia has recently been the subject of criticism, particularly in academic and clerical circles. No one would contend that Australian policy should not be open to full criticism. But all should agree that criticism should be based upon an accurate statement and a proper understanding of the policy. If criticism, however honest, is not so based, it may, especially when published abroad and when dealing with such a controversial subject as immigration, do much harm to the reputation of Australia and may prejudice our relations with other countries.

The subject may well be considered in relation to a pamphlet entitled *Control or Colour Bar?* which presents, strongly and enthusiastically, the case for far-reaching changes in the present immigration policy. The pamphlet is published by The Immigration Reform Group at the University of Melbourne. It contains a reasoned examination and criticism of Australian Immigration law and policy and an argument that changes, described as 'reforms', should be made by the Australian Government offering to all non-European countries agreements under which some of their nationals would be admitted into Australia as permanent settlers.

The present policy should, it is contended, be changed because it is 'regarded, rightly or wrongly, as one of rigid exclusion' of coloured persons—particularly of nationals of Asian countries with which, it is rightly said, it is important, from every point of view, that Australia should be on really friendly terms.

The pamphlet is based upon the view that the present policy is in effect that of 'the absolute exclusion of Asians' (to use words quoted from the Singapore *Straits Times*) and that in lieu thereof there should be 'control' of immigration. This control should be exercised in accordance with agreements made between Australia and non-European countries, and not by means of quotas merely fixing numbers of immigrants. Occupation, health, age, etc., and possibility of assimilation in a reasonable sense into the Australian community, should also be taken into account.

It is true that the term 'White Australia' has become—or has been made—offensive to some of the few Asians who know anything about Australia. I agree that the term should be discarded—for the reasons that it is a very inaccurate description

of Australian policy, and that it leads to misunderstanding and misrepresentation. (Before I went to Japan as Minister for Australia in 1940, I obtained an undertaking from the Government that this term would no longer be used in any governmental or official statements or publications. The undertaking, unfortunately, has not proved to be very effectual.)

Further, it must be agreed that colour is not a criterion of any qualification for a migrant seeking to enter Australia and to remain there. Also, it would be absurd to base a policy upon any assumed racial superiority. Those who have met Asian leaders would immediately reject any such idea.

The case for a change presented in the pamphlet, however, is based not only upon the rejection of colour and race as grounds for exclusion, but (*a*) upon the existence of objections (regarded as well founded) by Asians to what is thought to be the present policy, and upon the view (*b*) that any restrictions upon immigration (apart from exclusion of criminals and obviously undesirable persons) with a view to permanent settlement can be supported only upon economic grounds, and (*c*) that there would be no economic (or other) danger in admitting a much larger number of Asian settlers—proposed numbers not stated, but not to be unlimited. It is said that the idea that the presence of a much larger number of Asians in Australia would bring about racial tension represents 'the blackest pessimism'. These arguments should be considered first, in the light of a true understanding of present Australian immigration policy, and next, in the light of actual existing race relations in the world.

It may be doubted whether anyone today really thinks that it was wrong to restrict Chinese immigration after the experience of Chinese in the goldfields a century ago, or to return the Kanakas to the Pacific islands from Queensland at the beginning of this century.

In 1918 at an Imperial Conference (at which I was present in a subordinate capacity) a resolution was passed unanimously. (India was represented—but was then under British rule.) It states and approves a fundamentally important principle, applicable not only between countries of the Commonwealth, but between all countries. The resolution was:

> 1. It is an inherent function of the Governments of the several communities of the British Commonwealth, including India, that each should enjoy complete control of the composition of its own population by means of restriction on immigration from any of the other communities.
>
> 2. British citizens, domiciled in any British country, including India, should be admitted into any other British country for visits, for the purpose of pleasure or commerce, including temporary residence for the purpose

of education. The conditions of such visits should be regulated on the principle of reciprocity, as follows.

Condition (*c*) then stated reads: 'Such right [of visit] should not extend to a visit or temporary residence for labour purposes or to permanent settlement.' Indian legislation (Reciprocity Act 1943 and the Foreigners Act 1946 as amended in 1957) is consistent with the resolution of 1918.

For many years Australia has admitted merchants, tourists and students under permits, frequently, in the case of merchants, renewed from time to time. Many critics (including Australians) are not aware of this fact. At the present time there are more than eight thousand Asian students in Australia. The enormous majority of them are happy here, and friendly. But the pamphlet calls attention to occasional slights, causing resentment. People who look out for slights (even apart from racial differences) can easily find them. Doubtless there are such slights—but no good purpose is served by magnifying the significance of actions of ill-mannered persons, who are to be found in every community.

The authors of the pamphlet sympathize with Asian students who have come here as students and then want to settle here permanently and have not been allowed to do so. It is difficult to share this sympathy, for the simple reason that all the students knew before they came to Australia that they would be here for a definitely limited period. They need not have come, subject to this condition, unless they chose to do so.

The Australian policy is not based on race or colour, but on difference. Ours is a European civilization. Are we not entitled to keep it so if we wish—just as other countries are entitled to preserve their traditional and preferred civilizations? Colour and race are not tests of character or quality. But Oriental civilizations are very different from European civilizations. Asian countries differ from Australia not only in colour and race and language, but also in tradition and history and loyalties, in social and political outlook and organization, in religion (except for minorities), in manner of living, and in standards of living. At a press conference in Japan, I found no difficulty in dealing with Australian immigration policy. I asked my forty interrogators why Japan imposed restrictions, amounting to prohibition, upon immigration of Chinese and Koreans into Japan. They knew that Japan was protecting a standard of living and a manner of life. They were not prepared to contend that Australia could not properly do the same thing.

Reference has already been made to India. Immigration of

aliens is also controlled, and restricted, by law in Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Singapore, Cambodia, Vietnam and Japan. In all these countries entry can be allowed or prohibited at the discretion of the Government. In the Philippines and in Thailand there are quota systems.

The laws of these Asian countries are not distinguishable in substance from the Australian law. The effect of them depends, as in Australia, upon the exercise of ministerial discretion. At the present time these Asian laws do not, in practice, matter much to Australians—but Australians would soon see that they had real significance if a few hundred Australians, instead of a few individuals, sought to enter Asian countries for the purpose of permanent settlement. The pamphlet does not suggest that any Asian government has thought it proper to ask for a change in the Australian law with respect to immigration. No such government is in a position to make such a request. In China I met no difficulty about immigration for purposes of settlement: the Chinese were engaged in getting rid of foreigners.

The pamphlet pleads for much greater Asian immigration on the ground that it would 'enrich our culture'. In fact the present Australian policy, as recently stated by the Honourable A.R. Downer, Minister for Immigration, provides 'specially for the entry of distinguished and highly qualified Asians to the Australian community. Thus, for example, an Indian philosopher, a Pakistani professor, a Ceylonese diplomat, a Malayan statesman, an Indonesian jurist, a Thai doctor of specialized knowledge, a Chinese internationalist, all would be freely accepted by my Department, and would, I know be acclaimed in any Australian capital city. People in these categories are already here, and we are delighted to see them in our midst.' (4 December 1959—quoted in pamphlet p. 8) Leading Asians come to Australia for international conferences of all kinds. A successful seminar on Asian Constitutions was recently held in Canberra. It was attended by highly qualified jurists and political scientists from several Asian countries.

It was reported on 8 September 1960, that in the twelve months ended 30 June 1960, Australian citizenship was granted to five hundred Asians, mainly Chinese and Japanese who had completed fifteen years of residence in Australia. This does not look like 'absolute exclusion of Asians'.

As already mentioned, the pamphlet describes as 'the blackest pessimism' the opinion that admission of much larger numbers of Asians would probably result in racial tension. But is it really pessimism—or common sense? It is fair to say that there is no

significant racial tension in Australia at the present time. Why? Because in fact the number of persons of non-European race here who are permanent residents is small, and no difficulties arise. If the number became substantial, there is every reason to fear that racial tension, now so happily absent, would develop. It is a matter of experience and common sense. Consider the negroes in the United States, the Indians in Kenya and South Africa and Fiji—and even Notting Hill—and Puerto Ricans in New York. Consider what is happening to the Chinese in Indonesia. It is foolish to ignore such facts. It is not 'blackest pessimism' to recognize realities—even when they are to be deplored. A general homogeneity of population (in which Australia is highly fortunate) has valuable practical advantages which, on balance, may reasonably be considered to outweigh the speculative benefits in enrichment of culture which might possibly be derived from the intermingling of very different races in a single society. It is prudent, in the interests both of Australians and of immigrants, not to incur the risk of creating another festering sore of racial hatred.

The proposal of the pamphlet is that Australia should take the initiative in offering to all non-European countries agreements for the admission into Australia as permanent residents of people from these countries.

There are now sixty-four non-European nations which are members of the United Nations. They naturally have their own outlook and their own ideas of importance and prestige as compared with other countries. If the Australian Government went out of its way even to discuss with all of them how many of their people they would like Australia to take as settlers annually, the Government would, it may be suggested, simply be asking for trouble. The Government might even discover that millions of people in Africa believe strenuously in a "Black Africa". Would the Government undertake a campaign to get them to change their ideas?

A man can have many friends without inviting them all to come into his home. If a person says that he has a right to be invited—or at least to complain because he has not been invited—there will not be a good prospect for friendship. If a person goes so far as to say that he has a right to come into the home of a friend (or of anyone), whether he has been invited or not—and to stay—then friendship will be impossible.

The title of the pamphlet suggests that Australian immigration policy consists in a mere 'Colour Bar' with no form of intelligent and friendly 'Control'. This is not the case. When the policy

is fairly stated and understood it forms no obstacle to genuine friendship with Asian peoples. Australian policy is, in principle, the same as theirs. It is not based on colour prejudice or upon any idea of racial superiority. It is based upon a recognition of real differences which exist between persons belonging to European civilizations and others which have substantial social, political and economic significance, and upon a realization of the danger of running the risk of creating conditions which, as men and women are actually constituted, may bring about a racial intolerance in Australia from which, at present, we are so fortunately free. *J.G.Latham*

FOOTNOTE (a) In *Control or Colour Bar?* at p. 36 the following statement is made: 'It is not only religious bodies that are advocates of change. Other organizations that have committed themselves include the National Council of Women . . . and the National Fitness Council of Victoria.' As to the National Council of Women—the Honorary Secretary informs me that: 'The Council has never considered Australian policy as expressed in what is called the White Australian policy, and the Council has not made any pronouncements upon that policy.' As to the National Fitness Council of Victoria—the Chief Executive Officer of the Council has sent me a copy of a letter written by him to the Immigration Reform Group in which he said: 'I must point out to you that the National Fitness Council of Victoria has never at any time advocated any change in our Immigration Policy, and in fact has not even considered this question.'

(b) *In Control or Colour Bar?* at p. 10 reference is made to a statement published in the *Age* newspaper after the Prime Minister had visited Direction Island in 1959: 'There was some sadness on Direction Island. The ship 'Islander' will arrive today with supplies and on its return voyage to Singapore it will take several Asian families, some of whom were born on the island. They are leaving because the British are handing over control of the cable station to Australia and permission for them to remain has not been granted by the Federal Government. Many want to remain.' The Secretary of the Department of External Affairs has written to me, in response to an enquiry, as follows: 'The pamphlet which you mention undoubtedly refers to Asians who were indentured labourers employed on short term contracts at the cable station and in maintaining a power station on behalf of the British Admiralty on Direction Island. The power station has become redundant and the labour was withdrawn from it this year [1960]. The other Asians were employed by Cable and Wireless Limited, the responsibilities of which have been taken over by Overseas Telecommunications Commission (Australia) which now operates the cable station with an Australian staff. All these Asians have been repatriated. I am assured by the Australian Authorities concerned that there were no Asian families on Direction Island and that none of those mentioned above were born on the Island.'

BRENNAN REGAINED

I

BRENNAN FOR A NEW GENERATION

Vivian Smith

THE publication, at last, of Brennan's collected verse, edited with devotion by Professor A.R.Chisholm who supplies the very important biographical introduction, can only be greeted with gratitude and a certain relief by all who care about Australian literature. I expect it is not only my generation that has access to Brennan's poems now for the first time and that I am not alone in thinking that we have had to wait too long for this volume to appear. We have heard for some years that Brennan is the great Australian poet; and we come to this book rightly expecting to have proof of his greatness. It is likely that many will be frustrated and disappointed, and it will not be surprising if Brennan is severely devalued in certain circles for some years to come. Young writers already have enough 'masters' not to 'need' Brennan in any obvious sense, though I imagine that few will hesitate to acknowledge immediately his power and his difficult grandeur.

Brennan's faults are obvious from a first glance through this book and could easily alienate some readers. It seems best to dwell on these defects now; they only obscure his real achievement. A poet's apprentice pieces, or the work of his dotage—premature or otherwise—cannot detract from the splendour of his best work; and it is true that Brennan's defects are writ large in the two separate collections, *The Burden of Tyre* and *A Chant of Doom*, which respectively precede and follow the 1913 volume in this edition, though they also occur in that section. Victorian poetic effects and Miltonic diction can hardly be expected to go well together, and Brennan's occasional effete pre-Raphaelite delicacy can be embarrassing:

> *They have no hope of any light*
> *save that red glare within the night*
> *that tells the ending of despair:*
> *look! thins not yon the dismal air?*

Brennan is too good a poet for these lapses not to be extremely irritating; they are frequent enough to suffuse parts of his work with a surprising and unexpected uncertainty of tone and they

cannot be localized merely in one phase of his development. His reputation will rest securely on *Poems 1913*—or on parts of it—though there can be very few books of potentially great poetry that begin as inauspiciously as this one, with its wholly dispensable 'Prelude', one of the clumsiest poems Brennan ever completed:

And, O, ye golden days,
tho' since on stranger ways
to some undying war
the fatal star

of unseen Beauty draw
this soul, to occult law
obedient ever, not
are ye forgot.

Dr G.A.Wilkes, in his splendid *Southerly* articles on Brennan, has set out the case for *Poems 1913* as a *livre composé*, and there can be no doubt about Brennan's intention in this respect or that this approach is a helpful and necessary one. A unity is apparent within *Poems 1913*, and the search for Eden is the explicit central theme linking them together. I am not sure however that one can confidently assert that they have an achieved architecture. The architecture, as such, seems to me flawed and defective; and even the guiding theme, the search for the permanent 'above the poignant pageantry of change', tends to disappear at times beneath the constructions imposed upon it, rather than to light them up. This search for Eden that will satisfy our 'paradisal instinct' is not in itself enough to give a book an architecture. For example, Rilke's *Sonnets to Orpheus*, for all their magnificent thematic unity do not have an architecture, and even the much discussed architecture of *Les Fleurs du Mal* seems to me to be of little importance. It is clear that *Poems 1913* is in the nature of a record of a spiritual quest, but as a total it lacks the serene harmony or structural coherence that we find (for example) in the work of Petrarch; it is flawed for obvious reasons, and not least because of lacks within individual poems which undermine the structure as a whole. A fairly discernible design justifies the placing of *The Quest of Silence* and *The Labour of Night* within the complete pattern; but these sequences, except for two or three isolated successful pieces, are merely laboured oratorical developments and variations on a set theme, and one wonders just what difference the omission of these willed and faulty sections would make to the shape and movement of the poem as a whole. It seems fairly

clear that Brennan's reputation can only rest on a number of lyric sequences and the central Lilith poems. These are a great achievement indeed, but they rise above the rest of the poems like the towers of an uncompleted and ruined temple.

A certain amount has already been said about Brennan's diction: the Latinisms, the Miltonisms; the Swinburne/Patmore/Francis Thompson/Meredith touches. There can be little reasonable objection to these influences as such—though one is hardly likely to wish them on any poet (there are others from Keats to Yeats that it would be tedious to list); and again and again one finds that a genuine assimilation has been made and that a real transmutation has occurred. At his best Brennan rises above his period to weld all the odds and ends of influences in the crucible of his mind at its most inspired; and the shadow of his time (given that time) falls only slightly more heavily than in any other poet.

The same applies to Brennan's use of the nineteenth-century French poets. Deeply reverent towards Mallarmé, whose influence is most obvious in the poem beginning 'A gray and dusty daylight flows', Brennan seems to have learnt more from the content of some of Mallarmé's pieces and from his ideas than from any of his formal innovations, except for a certain amount of syntax-juggling. Brennan lacks Mallarmé's exquisite sensitiveness to individual words and their placing, as one of his rather clotted translations shows. But his refusal to follow Mallarmé through to the end, i.e. to the abolition of the real in favour of the ineffable ideal, results in one of the striking characteristics of his work—its connection with lived experience. In this Brennan is closer to Baudelaire, the predominating influence throughout his work. One of Brennan's finest poems, the last in *The Wanderer*, shows this influence at its best:

> *I am the wanderer of many years*
> *who cannot tell if ever he was king*
> *or if ever kingdoms were; I know I am*
> *the wanderer of the ways of all the worlds,*
> *to whom the sunshine and the rain are one*
> *and one to stay or hasten, because he knows*
> *no ending of the way, no home, no goal . . .*

This is pure Brennan, of course, but it was clearly written by a mind that has assimilated the best of what Baudelaire's *Spleen* poems have to offer. The Brennan who can write elsewhere of the 'vampire grin' and 'the old vampire god' has merely borrowed one of Baudelaire's stage props, which refuses to conjure up the original drama.

A relatively considerable amount of critical attention has already been given to Brennan's work, and now that his collected works are about to appear in full (but not, alas, the letters) a great deal more can be expected. A few modest unfashionable scholarly works on his thought, his influences, his vocabulary and the disposition of his images should do more in the long run to help to assimilate him into the general consciousness and might be more profitable at this stage than any series of equivocal value judgments. The main dangers seem to me to be either to over-react to Brennan's occasionally dated diction, or to continue the Brennan legend, i.e. of Brennan as a poet of the arcane, a remote and difficult symbolist accessible only to the initiated few. There is no point in underestimating Brennan's difficulties, though they have been exaggerated—where Brennan is really difficult he is bad; but it would be a mistake not to claim that Brennan has every right to be Australia's most popular poet, to emphasize that there is much in his work to which the common reader can respond.

One of Brennan's most appealing qualities as a poet is his deep respect for his readers. This has nothing to do with flattery, and there are indications enough that Brennan was often exasperated with his public during his lifetime. His poetry is not meant primarily to reassure or please. It is unusually penetrating and disturbing, and yet his concern for lucidity, communication, emotional breadth and grandeur all point to this respect. He does not always succeed, but the intention is there. Such very different works as *A Chant of Doom* and his contributions to *A Mask* show Brennan's concern with the public voice of poetry. It could burst forth as indignation on international issues, rarely as satire; he was too egocentric a poet to be capable of the distancing satire requires. The satirist must have a lightness of touch that does not seem to have been at Brennan's command, though there are occasional notes of irony in his work, as in the very slight 'Reflections of a Retired Symbolist Poet 1916'. His concern with the structural arrangement of his work, as well as with the logical significance and development of individual poems, points to a desire to make his work accessible to the ordinary reader. Perhaps no review can do better then, than to emphasize the immediate appeal of much of Brennan's work; which is only another way of highlighting his real achievement.

The first part of *Poems 1913, Towards the Source*, is a set of carefully arranged lyrics, celebrating at first the separateness of the individual lovers and then the overcoming of dividuation through nuptial union which is seen as a form of Paradise. The

main motive in this sequence, which leads into the next, is the longing and search for transcendence through erotic experience, and the poems sing the 'pride and splendour of rebellious flesh'. The poems in this section are arranged seasonally, with summer and spring imagery predominating: summer representing an absolute of inner fulfilment, winter the nadir of loss and despair, spring fervour and anticipation. The use of azure and its association with the sky and summer recall Mallarmé and the negatively-charged city imagery owes much to Baudelaire; but the disposition of the images of the seasons makes this a satisfyingly unified section with extraordinary musical and thematic harmonies.

The second section, *The Forest of Night*, is more complex as a whole. The early part, *The Twilight of Disquietude*, consists of a set of twelve lyrics, some of the most poignant and moving that have been written on the theme of inner dismay, discord and dissonance. As a sequence it contains some of the most perfect of all of Brennan's work, and individual pieces can be compared with poems on the same theme by Baudelaire or Hopkins.

Disaster drives the shatter'd night
before its coming thro' the deep:
the soul is swept with monstrous flight
of fears upstartled from their sleep.

Its silent heaven is rolled away,
and shaken stars flit to and fro:
the mother-face is livid gray
with dumb apocalypse of woe.

The heart that knows its naked doom
awaits the unspoken shock of fate:
perchance, beyond these powers that loom
its hidden god shall rise more great

* * *

What do I know? myself alone,
a gulf of uncreated night,
wherein no star may e'er be shown
save I create it in my might.

What have I done! O foolish word
and foolish deed your question craves!

think ye the sleeping depths are stirr'd
tho' tempest hound the madden'd waves?

What do I seek? I seek the word
that shall become the deed of might
whereby the sullen gulfs are stirr'd
and stars begotten on their night.

The transition from the imagery of day which predominates in the earlier sequences to the imagery of night, the night-sky scattered with stars, and darkness, which predominates in the Lilith poems is clearly perceptible; but the reader is likely to encounter some very worthwhile difficulties with these poems. Lilith is both creator and destroyer, the unconscious and nothingness, origin and end. Lilith is the Shadow, a figure of terror and fear, a threat that must be faced if man is to be fully aware of his situation and rise to his full stature; the burden of the poems falls on her terrible power and man's inability to win release from it or to recover his original wholeness and integrity:

All mystery, and all love, beyond our ken,
she woos us, mournful till we find her fair:
and gods and stars and songs and souls of men
are the sparse jewels in her scattered hair.

I can think of few poems in which the central symbol is as frustratingly and as powerfully ambiguous as Lilith. No doubt a Jungian could give us a fairly satisfactory gloss, but that would help us very little with the poems as such, and it would be difficult to reconcile all of Lilith's contraries. The irresolution that follows these poems, the note of tormented frustration and agony of mind, the lament for man's fate and failure, Brennan's calling for an end of the world and of his tormented searching, and then the forced objectivity of the poems which follow, all indicate a profound crisis in Brennan's metaphysical exploration; and one cannot but feel that *The Wanderer's* urgent and triumphant tone comes from the fact that it offers a way out of this crisis.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that Lilith gains tremendously both from her ambivalent role and from her apparent ambiguity. Any further definition would have decreased her force by making her figure static, even perhaps allegorical—the last fascinating nineteenth-century museum piece. As it is she is a superb imaginative creation, as finally irreducible as Rilke's angel.

Part III, *The Wanderer*, is probably Brennan's best known and most popular poem and should in time help him to regain

the place which is rightly his. There can be no question about its metrical magnificence, the splendour of its often spacious line and its dignified and heroic assertions. It is vigorous and flexible, taking its richness and immediacy from its deeply felt sense of the undisciplined and tumultuous within the mind and in the world; and the rebellious note that moves through it to its end in precarious reconciliation and acceptance gives it its particular keenness. There is a curious parallel between *The Wanderer* and *Four Quartets*, especially the last movement of *East Coker*, where the themes of these two very different poems coincide:

Home is where one starts from . . .
We must be still and still moving . . .
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise . . .

Both are alike in their powerfully restless, often physical lyricism, but *The Wanderer* with its remarkably consistent variations in tone is untainted by flatness or prosiness.

Poems 1913 ends with the two sections *Pauca Mea* and the superb *Epilogues* which sum up the main themes of Brennan:

. . . who brought
the lucid diamond-probe of thought
and, driving it behind, the extreme
blind vehemence of travailing dream
against the inhibitory shell:
and found, no grim eternal cell
and presence of the shrouding Norn,
but Eden, clad in nuptial morn,
young, fair, and radiant with delight
remorse nor sickness shall requite.

Yes, Eden was my own, my bride;
whatever malices denied . . .

Particularly striking throughout *Poems 1913* is the use of the imagery of stars, constellations and the star-scattered sky at night; the changes and fluctuations within the use of this imagery reflect the different movements and stages within Brennan's thought. In the early sequences the stars are 'fixed' and 'set' even if 'hidden'; but as we come to the end of his metaphysical journey an emphasis falls on stars that 'drift' and are 'aimless', 'the wreck of constellations' . . . 'perishing'. This is but another indication of Brennan's real search; for Eden, if you like—this is very explicit; but also, implicitly, for 'the fixed stars within the heaven of the soul'.

To claim that Brennan is the greatest Australian poet is not to claim too much. To compare him with his greatest contemporaries, Rilke and Yeats, is to be aware of severe limitations within his work and his final achievement, though one must keep in mind, when making such a comparison, that Brennan's work is confined to a short period in his life whereas theirs reflects several decades of growth and development. Brennan never achieves their serenity (he is at his best as a poet of division) nor their supreme command of language. His range, in spite of an encompassing idea, is narrower than theirs: for example, two major themes, childhood and death, are absent from his poetic world. His best work seems to me to be the sequences *Towards the Source*, *The Twilight of Disquietude*, the Lilith poems, *The Wanderer*, *Paucea Mea* and the *Epilogues*—all in the 1913 volume; and parts of *The Burden of Tyre* can sustain real interest. But that Brennan can and must be compared with the greatest poets is beyond doubt.

II

BRENNAN AND MALLARMÉ: A FOOTNOTE

Martin Haley

ON THE evidence of his collected poems, Brennan knew French nineteenth-century poets well—Gautier, Baudelaire, Hérédia, as well as Mallarmé with whom he corresponded and upon whom he was something of an authority. After Mallarmé's death in 1898, a contemporary French critic interpreted the opening of the sonnet '*Victorieusement fui le suicide beau*' as a reference to the Battle of Actium, but Brennan demonstrated to the satisfaction of many that Mallarmé was describing a sunset. It would seem to be a matter concerning which commentators are still arguing, however much insight Brennan may have had into the mind of his symbolist friend.

A sidelight of how Mallarmé on his part saw into Brennan's mind has been provided by the well-known French critic, Henry D. Davray, who in the 'nineties was employed by the *Mercure de France*. His essay 'Mallarmé As I Knew Him' was reprinted in 1953 in Cyril Connolly's *Golden Horizon*. According to Davray, an Australian poet (it could only have been Brennan) sent the

Mercure a slender volume of poems for review. Davray terms them 'effusions' and says they were 'without stops and without capitals'. He continues: 'I did my level best to get at the meaning, but at last I had to give it up. . . . These poems, innocent alike of commas and fullstops, soon bemused me like a Chinese puzzle, and this was the impression I sought to convey, not without a touch of irony, in my review.'

The sequel was that he found himself in hot water with Mallarmé, who had also received a copy of the book from the author who had accompanied it 'with a long letter in which he declared himself his disciple and expatiated with fulsome eloquence on the admiration with which Mallarmé inspired him'.

The poems seemed quite obvious to Mallarmé who proceeded in person to elucidate them to the reviewer. He was overawed, and ever afterwards wrote with more circumspection, 'never failing to bear in mind', as he put it, 'that I had Mallarmé among my readers and my critics'. That sounds uncommonly like a confession of pulling punches. However that may be, the awe Davray felt for Mallarmé eventually wore off, and his final picture of the French poet is of a mystificationist who sought at all costs to be extra-ordinary and removed as far as possible from anything of the everyday.

It would be a very curious item if Davray were the critic who brought Brennan into the field concerning Mallarmé's sonnet. . . . In the matter of punctuation marks, Brennan of course did use them, though he had abandoned the use of initial capitals for his lines. In this detail Davray's memory seems to be at fault.

LITERARY COMPETITION

As a feature of the Adelaide Festival Arts in 1962, *The Advertiser* is offering £2,000 prize money for competitions covering a book, a short story and a poem. The book may be either fiction, history, biography, or travel.

PSYCHOLOGY: VOYAGE TO THE LAST CONTINENT

Jessica Aldridge

Another Prince of Portugal
Assembles his navigators:
Chart me this spawning Africa
Of man, this continent that bars
The seas of fountaining suns, the woven fires
—Creation's timeless Indies . . . Worlds on worlds
Forgotten wait your voyage. Who can tell,
Who knows where memory lies, behind
What sullen natives and afraid,
What peacock princes of the mind . . .
Discover
Where lie the galleried deserts of the dead,
The zebra plains of evil and of good,
The arteried trading Nile, the bartering blood.
We would know why a living man may walk
To death within his own heart's Libya,
His secret dunes, self-shadowed, waterless . . .
We would know why a freeborn man may build
Slave empires in the tropics of his fear,
And hate his love, and hold his hate more dear . . .
Cliffed in the brittle curving skull lie all
The secrets of the fabled land, its suns,
Its emerald serpents, eunuchs, leaping bronze,
Its fruiting sabred trees, its ferning springs,
Its ivoried death, its Adam-old desire . . .
Strike inland from the deltas of the years,
The silted valleys. Search the primal hills,
Hunt me the legendary mines, the love,
The lion gold that hearts the continent.

EDUCATION IN THE SOVIET UNION TODAY

H. Messel

IT WAS Russia's launching of the first Sputnik in October 1957 that made the whole post-war world suddenly aware of Russia's high standard in science. Her achievements since then have been such that the Soviet Union today vies only with the United States for leadership in many scientific and technological fields.

How Russia has reached this high standard becomes clear immediately an interested visitor takes a look at the basis of all such achievement—education. Last July when I visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Academy of Science and the International Union of Pure and Applied Physics to attend an international conference on cosmic radiation, I took an opportunity to look at Russia's educational system.

One thing became clear to me at once: in Russia there is generally a much greater eagerness to work and learn than in the West. The reason for this is quite basic: while we in the West with our democratic systems are striving hard to achieve a 'welfare state', Russia is doing nothing of the kind. And while a welfare state tries to maintain a high standard of living even for the uneducated and unskilled, Russia makes no attempt to do this. On the contrary, Russia's whole system is designed in such a way that it will afford a better standard of living only to those who educate and edify themselves. For the unskilled and untaught there is only the possibility of barest existence with little chance of betterment.

Communist Russia, then, uses education as the only means by which any citizen can rise above the poorest minimum of living standards. It is, therefore, no wonder that all who can do so in Russia try to learn, edify themselves and specialize, to ensure a better life for themselves and their families.

Without compulsion, and only by the high rewards it offers to educated people, the Soviet State is able today to muster perhaps the highest number of students per capita in the world.

My recent visit to Moscow afforded me a good opportunity to inspect scientific institutions in and around the Russian capital, and I gained a fair impression of scientific research, general education and of engineering jobs and achievements in the technological fields. From all these observations I got the impression that there is no education for education's sake in Russia

today. There is only Russia's determination to achieve world domination through the superior education of more and more of its people.

Russia is using education not so much to raise its standards of living, but as a weapon in the Cold War—and it is a very dangerous weapon, indeed. To perfect this weapon it would appear that Communist Russia has completely sacrificed two generations as far as their living standards were concerned. Until the last decade it was not important at what standards Russia's millions lived, until it became clear to everyone in Russia that improvement of standards could only be gained by hard work and learning. Today it is almost as if the system were designed for the survival of the 'mentally fittest'.

To achieve this end Russia, of course, needed more and more qualified teachers, and it was not surprising to me, therefore, to find that the teacher today, whether he be a secondary-school teacher or a university lecturer, is one of the most highly regarded men in Russia. While an ordinary doctor earns only about two-and-a-half times as much as a worker, a teacher can earn two to three times as much again as a doctor. For this reason there is hardly the same acute shortage of teachers in Russia as we find in the West. And Soviet teachers as a rule have to be much better equipped for their calling than ours. There is hardly a teacher in Russia today who has not had four to five years training and fullest academic qualifications. Of course the rewards are high, and they are even higher in the fields of technology, science and engineering.

It is in these fields that Russia offers the highest standards of living to those who succeed. And it is because of these high rewards which are hardly available in the restricted fields of commerce and not even in industry, that Russia is able to put on its student masses a burden of work far in excess of that shouldered by Western students. Russian students have to work harder and longer than students anywhere else in the world, but they accept this lot most willingly and even eagerly.

To carry out this policy Russia had to do two things: it made education completely free—although on a competitive basis; and it had to convince people in general that time spent on education in a government school or institution is better for a child than time spent at home.

The latter attitude again is vastly different from our Western way of placing greater importance than ever on a child's home life and parental influence. Russia believes that State educational influence is much better for the growing youngsters and

can offer much more towards his or her future than home life with perhaps uneducated or less educated parents. In general the State has convinced parents of this, and most fathers and mothers in Russia today will do everything they can to encourage their child.

Universities in Russia, therefore, are overrun with students who had to compete for the privilege of enrolment in exacting and high-standard entrance examinations. The Leaving Certificate alone—or its Russian equivalent—only gives a student the right to apply for admission for enrolment for university and his final admission depends on the quality of his pass and the entrance examination. At Moscow University, for instance, the situation is such that only one in three applicants is enrolled. But once accepted the student will be completely supported, if necessary, by the university. He will be housed, clothed and fed and even receive a minimum of pocket money. From then on it depends only on hard work and ability how far the student will go.

Facilities for study particularly in the fields of science, technology and engineering are provided in Russia on such a scale today that the only word to describe them is lavish. Institutions I visited in and around Moscow have some of the best equipped teaching and research laboratories that I have ever seen anywhere in the world. Obviously no money was spared to outdo all other nations, and particularly the United States. This evidence alone would bear out the fact that Russia is spending many times more on education per capita than any nation in the West. During my visit I was most impressed by the generosity with which all scientific institutions visited were furnished and equipped. It struck me, however, that much, particularly of the more expensive and complicated scientific equipment and the work performed with it, lacked originality. Without wanting to go into detail, I formed the opinion that just as much could be done with less costly or less ambitious apparatus. It occurred to me that here indeed was a sign that Russia does produce better technologists than scientists. It seems to be better able to educate and train people along set lines than to use the education and training to stimulate their minds, and, in the end, make them creative. But here again one must consider that education in Russia is a mass undertaking and that the more people receive higher education, the greater is the chance that among them are found creative minds. I would say, however, that at the moment the proportion of creative minds among highly educated Russians is smaller than the proportion of creative minds among Western scientists and technologists.

Finally, when referring to education as a mass project in Russia I must emphasize the complete equality of the role of women in this respect. True, we in the West also have many female students, but we are far from the Russian point where this equality has produced the result that today thirty-five to forty-five per cent of Soviet scientists and engineers are women, and that among doctors and teachers the proportion is even higher. But how, you may ask, is it possible for Soviet women to devote their lives to study and the professions in such high proportions?

The answer is simple. The Soviet standard of living being lower, generally, than ours, and the average home—be it an apartment or a house—much smaller, it requires much less of a woman's time to run it. Similarly, the State looks very much more after children than it does in our society, and even encourages parents, as mentioned before, to have their children spend as much time as possible in educational institutions. Soviet women, therefore, are much freer to pursue work and study outside the family home and circle; and, with the high rewards offering, it is not difficult to understand that they prefer to devote themselves to something that will ultimately benefit themselves and their families more than cooking, washing and ironing. Again I must repeat here that in general there is less cooking, washing and ironing to do for a Russian woman, because she and her husband have far fewer clothes than their sisters and brothers in the West, and while not far less to eat, they do have a far less complicated and more basic and wholesome diet. Also, and this may come as a surprise to many, a woman who embarks on an intellectual career in Communist Russia today soon finds that she can afford servants—yes, servants—to help her, or even replace her as far as housework is concerned. The ultimate in living standard, of course, is achieved if both husband and wife are educated people in professional careers. And this, the husband-and-wife team of professionals, with, say, the husband a physicist and the wife a school teacher, or similar couplings, is becoming an increasingly predominant result of the Soviet educational programme.

Clearly, these couples reap twice the high rewards that Russia today offers for education, and they are now forming what is rapidly becoming an upper class in the Soviet—the 'educated elite' that enjoys standards of living fully comparable to ours.

H.Messel

PHILOSOPHER AMONG NEW RUINS

A VARIATION ON THE THEME OF 'THE LAST MAN'

Alexander Craig

He recalled in the evil light
The foursquare and fated city
Afraid, ships at the jetty
On fire and the planes, in flight,
Still menaced in mauve air.
Shattered, the curved steel shell
Lay hugely where it fell
In the great charred crater—there
On the outskirts of town
(The moon, ghosting sick and green,
A relic above that scene):
The missile grail, flung down,
Far brighter than neons, rose
In vapour, creating these
Final epiphanies—
A vision no one chose.

He thought: 'A dream began it.
In floodlit brilliance a
Future like a dancer
Or, say, a dazzling planet
Poised on today's rim,
Spun and tumbled, fell
Now to this version of hell . . .'
But much still puzzled him:
'To make outrageous fable
Tower glittering and actual,
Real to the sight and tactual—
In all this we were able
But could no longer see
What we were blinded by.
Now glazed is man's dark eye
That held eternity.

'How low above that rim,
The long horizon-line,
Uncertainly the sun
Comes fingering the dim
Margin of earth and stone
And streaking each thin tree,
Like weak remembrance . . . See
At last the dawn begin
In a spectral sky still filled
With presences and power—
Lost voices in despair
Above the dwindled world!
Gray huddled houses stare
Sightless, their windows blind
And smashed: I cannot find
A soul with me to share
This pitying pale light
That shows yet veils their shame,
The sun will rise, the same
As always, to its height
Of noon—meridian heat
For me alone below,
Sole lord of all things now,
King of my own conceit.'

Now (crown of ironies
And raining stars) he must
Walk cautiously in this dust,
This air of centuries
Breathe carefully; must watch
The dog-star's frenzied dive
In memory, stay alive
And prove himself their match.

ON BEING AN EXPERT

O.H.K.Spate

I

ALL you District Officers, whatever your Colony, know him. He comes into your office, brisk and immaculate, usually an hour before or an hour after the arranged time, and consequently just as you are beginning to fathom which of those two litigants has a slight lead in perjury, or where that five pounds to which Audit has been drawing such pointed attention had got to. Another ten minutes would do the trick, and with nice condescension ('I know you officials are always at it, my job can wait a few minutes . . .') he grants you them. But at the end of two he is fidgeting, at four he is moving in a very marked manner to the wall-map, at six he has worn you down and you wearily close the file, your concentration gone, and knowing you will have to begin the job all over again.

Then the two of you fix his itinerary. It is now—perhaps—that he displays his worst colours. You have been given only the vaguest idea of what he wants to see, but you have worked out a very nice little programme which anyone really interested in the progress of your District would accept at sight. But he is finicky to the point of sheer obstruction.

That pet little Village Improvement scheme that is going so well, and is not really so difficult to reach—well, he is sure that it is interesting, most interesting, but unfortunately it's not *quite* what he's after; and then his tour with your neighbour, an admirable fellow, was *very* successful, but it *was* rather exhausting, he's feeling the strain a bit, he's flying back tomorrow and *must* be fresh for his talk with His Excellency. . . . (Your neighbour, naturally, is a slick type who always manages to pass his District off as a model of ordered progress, whereas you know for a fact, only you mustn't say so, that it's all whitewash. . . .)

Alternatively, he has got wind (probably from the same neighbour, blast him) of that really nasty little fiasco you thought you had covered up in the Annual Report; however thick you lay on the difficulties, he gives you to understand that from youth up he has simply revelled in mud, monsoons, and mosquitoes, and nothing on earth will stop him: he'll get there if it kills him, and if he dies on your hands it will be in the very

last ditch in the entire Commonwealth to which you wish official, or any, attention to be drawn.

After that he tells you how to run the District. Somehow or other he has ferreted out some fact about it that you have never heard of—something obscure, obsolete, probably obscene and certainly trivial and irrelevant. He doesn't say anything outright, of course, but he lets you see what he thinks of officers who don't know their Districts. That pet scheme—from his vast experience he is able to point out, with indecent gusto, the slight but fatal flaw which, he implies, ought to have been obvious to a child. The fiasco: well, what else can be expected in an Administration so archaic as to employ the likes of you? That momentary hesitation while you are seeking the right word, one that won't be misleading—he doesn't press you, that would be bad tactics as well as bad form, he just gives a horribly knowing look and switches to another point, delighted to find something he can pass off as evasion. You can sense the pleasure with which he is mentally chewing over those well-worn phrases of his Report: 'It is regrettable that many District Officers seem far from active in ascertaining the most essential facts in the life of the people under their charge . . . a deplorable tendency to evade or minimize the consequences of misdirected official action. . . .' You just can't win.

Off duty it's as bad. He is an *ex officio* guest in your house, where he monopolizes your bathroom, upsets your servants, keeps your children up long past bedtime in clumsy attempts to make himself agreeable, drinks your whisky with no thought of the morrow (*your* morrow—his will be with the Colonial Secretary), and either pointedly neglects or even more pointedly plays up to your wife.

Yes, definitely, a low type. But, like so many of the more loathly forms of modern life, powerful and dangerous. One has to humour the beast, in the faint hope of making it relatively innocuous. Also of course it is seeing H.E. tomorrow. . . .

II

But there is another aspect to the creature, almost human; indeed, if you could see all that goes to the making of his damned Report (he damns it quite as much as you do) you might even be a little sorry for him. That brisk manner, for example—may it not at times conceal a nervous diffidence before the practical administrator, who from his experience may instantly see the slight but fatal flaw which ought to be obvious to a child but which he, the theoretic man, may miss?

Let us reverse the roles for a short course in Expertise: from now on *you* are The Expert. We will assume—and it is not always a too generous assumption—that all those qualities which mark you as a District Officer are carried over into your new role: keenness, devotion to your duty, integrity, industry, intelligence, flair for getting on with other races. . . .

Begin then by putting yourself into that neat tropical suit. Since you are by hypothesis a very junior expert, it has quite possibly been bought with the last thirty in the bank: it ought to have been held for emergencies, but one must look decent, one might even meet H.E., and your wife has said 'you must go, it's your big chance, we'll manage somehow, don't worry'. But you do, and most of all on those parts of your travels which are otherwise amongst the most pleasant, when after days of high-pressure 'seeing people' you are journeying leisurely and alone, but for a jeep or boat crew who (thank Heaven!) have little conversation and less English; though efforts at intercommunication afford much unaffected merriment to both parties. Those are good hours, but liable to be stabbed by a sudden guilt-feeling.

The mere mechanics of experting are the least of it, though they have pains and penalties enough. The schedule itself and the staff-work, relying so much (it seems) on telepathy for intercom, a medium favoured doubtless for its cheapness and simplicity of operation, but with a high failure rate. The innate genius of local airways to ditch you for a couple of days on some field surrounded by all too vast open spaces long forsaken of God and man but not mosquitoes. The endless round of visits to treeless fields and thobbing oily-aired factories, when all peanut fields look alike to your untutored eyes and anything more mechanical than a pushbike has always defeated you; yet though head and feet are dull aches connected by an aching spine you must still seem alertly appreciative of the finer points dear to the hearts of your guides. The parties, invariably just after or just before such a round of visits, so that there is a chain-reaction of the hangover. The inner unease which comes from trying to keep up with the locals in the consumption of ceremonial drinks and a diet which consists substantially (and that's the word) of repulsive roots and the more terrifying and disgusting products of river or ocean, which (remembering dyspeptic Caesar and the peasant's pickles) you must appear to enjoy lest feelings be hurt—never mind your tum! *Expertise oblige*: and all this (which your friends at home are thinking is a pleasant working holiday) is as nothing to the more refined mental torments.

These amount to controlled schizophrenia: the primary professional qualification of the visiting Expert. The control is as essential as the schizophrenia, and much more difficult to attain. Yet the capacity to induce in yourself such a state of mind, and to operate effectively within it, is necessary to success. For the Expert is supposed to be impartial, which means that when he meets them he has to appear equally partial to all interested parties, who are legion.

There are degrees of suffering. At the lowest level, after years of research, you are probably inured to the aridity of Annual Reports; but you must listen and not talk too much. If, as is most likely, you come from a University, this is in itself a difficult and a painful thing.

Doubly so, however, when it is listening to the most arrant nonsense while displaying every appearance of gaining new and exciting knowledge. Then at a party you meet the man you have long wanted to meet: he is of course going on leave tomorrow, but your hostess descends and you are carried off to lend an unwilling ear to troubles with the storekeeper or the house-girl—and this to the interruption of the marriage, or at least the love at first sight, of true minds. Or you are locked in a ring of alcoholic bawdy, while from behind your shoulder come snatches of a really vital talk. And there is also the excruciating frustration of trying to converse with those who are too suspicious, too frightened, or just too dumb to tell what they know.

It goes without saying that a large proportion of those you meet will regard you with amused tolerance (they have had Experts before) and another large fraction with perhaps well-founded suspicion of what you are up to. The minority which seems really enthusiastic (you in turn shrewdly suspect) are relying on you to say with explosive effect what they have been whispering, but dare not proclaim aloud, for years. You are the radical Forlorn Hope to mount their breach for them; tough luck if you get shot to pieces, but then as an outsider you are expendable. After all you have your getaway ready and won't have to live years with the other party, and it's all in a good cause.

The multiplication of your personalities goes on. You readily assume the part of the modest eager questioner; but you must also accept (striking the difficult mean between over-humility and over-assurance) that queer mixture of contempt and homage with which so many Practical Men regard the academic type. Many of those you meet will not be able to understand that you are not an Expert in everything, able to meet offhand any

question under or even not under the sun, such as: How can good Muslims who happen to be wintering at the North Pole, when and where there is no sun, know in which direction to turn for Mecca? An improbable situation, one might think, but one Expert had to cope with it (and he had forgotten the schoolbook diagrams) when he was publicly referred to, by a Syrian *moulvi*, as a Specialist in All Things. When the eager young student takes you for an omniscientist, all that need be done is to put on some easy donmanship and stifle the conscience; but you must also recognize when the question is tendentious or tactical, coming from the man who will say 'That fellow was here last year, and when I asked him he didn't know the difference between millet and sorghum.' On such occasions you must demand, suavely but firmly, the deference due to your expertise . . . a little difficult if you don't know the difference.

Then there are the normal hazards of the chase. Protocol: you have just got used to calling on the Chief first and the District officials second when you find yourself unawares in a Province where this is a deadly affront to Government. So often the man who really knows is on leave, and you must pretend—it is difficult—that the Acting Stooge sitting in his chair is just as good. Or you know that the second-in-command has the real *nous*, but his Departmental Head knows it too, and has been looking forward to a long talk—and your schedule has been fixed (by whom?) to allow of only one long talk. The man you have revered from afar turns out, now you know a bit about the facts, to be a pompous ass; on the other hand, that other fellow you have scornfully judged by some misquotation out of context is actually the best informed and most thoughtful of the lot—and of course by some fantastically indirect and crooked way that bright remark of yours in the Senior Common Room has filtered back to him. . . .

But always, always, the strain and stress of being all things to all men, entering into everybody's enthusiasms and sharing everybody's gravest misgivings: earnest and idealist with the Mission and the Young Men in a Hurry; sober and precise with the technicians; worldly and broadly statesmanlike with Kings or at least Colonial Secretaries; coarsely cynical in club or pub—this last at any rate is likely to come easy! And you must watch your step in these deep waters veiled with thin ice. Irony may often come to your aid, but then it is not always safe to rely on the other chap being as thick-witted as he looks.

It is the only way to do it: you must take a back-sight to every bearing or you will go hopelessly astray. But this means

balancing delicately between informant and informant; you may very likely be the only person in the confidence of both sides, and if there is a leak they'll know just where. Yet the leak may be needed to prime the pump.

So you must treat the most vulgar gossip as if it were vitally impressive Top Secret information; conversely (everything in your trade has its converse) you must assume an air of knowing all about it when tantalizing scraps of really confidential stuff come out, making a rapid mental note—a paper one would be fatal. You must deplore (according to present company, and without ever going too far) the incurable laziness of the native labourer and the unspeakable greed of the European employer; must be suitably denigratory (but always remembering to put in a saving clause, just in case) with X when discussing Y, and *vice versa*; be prepared to discover unlikely virtues in a man whom you know to be a scoundrel, and listen calmly while the base revile the good—and this last is a hard test indeed.

Finally—or more accurately penultimately—you must accept with outward equanimity the things they will by now be saying about you. Being equally partial to all parties—that is how you must get your data; but you must remember Harold Nicolson's dictum about the Irish North and South: people so often do not want you to love them, they want you to hate their enemies. If you have really passed yourself off as all things to all men, you must not be surprised if in the end you appear in as many shifting guises as Proteus; and since on comparing notes each side will naturally concede to the other your vices and refuse your virtues, you cannot justly complain if at one and the same time you are written off as a long-haired very brash young man, a balding middle-aged fossil, a violent reactionary, and a violent revolutionary.

Supposing that you have surmounted all these hazards and endurances, beside which the demands of Kipling's 'If' may well seem child's play, there remains one stern trial more: the agonies of composition, the Report itself. You will, of course, hold ever before you the awful warning of Dr Endorn Weltsz.

That unfortunate and misguided man, the lasting disgrace of his University, turned in an Absolutely Honest Report, in which he said exactly what he thought about everybody: his schizophrenia broke loose from control. In itself this was merely a quixotic aberration; he was quietly removed to a Home for the Maladjusted, and there the matter should have rested. But somehow he leaked it to *Time*. HMG were gravely concerned; Mr Herter and Mr Khrushchev were for once agreed in their

object of denunciation; and several Latin American, United Arab, and Southeast Asian Republics began to talk of withdrawing from UNO. The situation was saved only by the prompt action of UNESCO, which forthwith launched a Major Project for Expert Reports on the Ethical Stylistic and Technical Standards of Expert Reports. Dr Weltsz was forgotten in one world-wide United National yawn. . . .

However: all your facts, ideas and conclusions—at least all that are fit to print—must now go down on paper. They don't look so good as they did, somehow; and even those epigrams which retain some sparkle had better stay locked up in your filing cabinet, though if you fancy yourself as a stylist this will be a bitter wrench (you can use them all up in the seminar when you get back). But all those gaps and loose ends, those notes indicating (illegibly) a brilliant train of thought you will never catch again, those doubtful bits you never got round to verify—how in Heaven's name to check them *now*? Out they go, even though they would have helped the argument along so nicely at a tricky point: for you are well aware that there are plenty of people who, if you make a bit of a bloomer on the production of colza oil in the Lower Septik, will loudly deduce that your views on the more important problem of land tenure in Upper Drongoland are hopelessly unsound and dangerous.

The attempt to please everybody will only result in '*Another* of those smooth wishy-washy official Reports. . . .' And you cannot in honesty disguise your convictions, formed after all from patient enquiry by a man trained in enquiry, free (he hopes) from doctrinaire preconceptions and (to begin with anyhow) from local prejudice, and devoting his whole powers continuously for some months to seeing as a whole a problem which those who know the country much better can rarely think about except from their own particular angle and in a scanty fatigued leisure.

So you come to the most delicate task of all: to put what is in you into argument sufficiently well-knit to withstand criticism (not all of which will play fair), presented forcibly enough to command attention yet not so provocatively as to set up an instant defence reaction; to balance with utmost nicety between your ideal and what you can hope to get away with; to take calculated risks with those half-known factors in high places which may spell acceptance or rejection.

But at last the Report is in. You have typed yourself, with loving care, the covering letter to H.E., taking a Gibbonian pleasure in the high formalism of its language. One last and

best party with the brighter spirits, and through the alcoholic haze you are airborne, to face the quite impossible academic arrears you know will have overflowed from desk to floor, the bills which have been mounting up, and a wife who will be glad to see you but somehow will never quite allow for the fact that you were sixty miles from a telegraph office on the baby's birthday.

III

Still, it wasn't so bad as all that really. Nobody was rude, hardly anybody what you could call non-co-operative even, you kept your end up quite well. You met a lot of fools, but then you met quite a few wonderful people, white, black and in-between, whose talk and whose hospitality will glow in your heart for a long time. Some wonderful places, too, a fine bag of colour slides, and a lot of stories which will go down very well in the Common Room. Your list of publications in the University Calendar will be the envy of your Department and will look fine when you apply for a Chair—not so long now, after this. Your wife is sufficiently modernist and functional in her taste to be delighted with the more archaic and clumsy pieces of craftwork you have picked up. Yes, decidedly it was worthwhile.

Decidedly. And above all you have done a good job of work, used your God-given brain and the skills your society has taught you to help simple people less fortunate than yourself.

Or have you?

For there are sharper discomforts yet. Even when he is dealing with a world of shared experience expressed in a common language, there are traps enough, nice points of tactics and ethics; but there is another side to the Expert's work, from which he may be lucky to escape with an unscarred conscience—that is, if he has a conscience and is not blinded by cocksure pride in his own expertise. Perched up on the only chair, with notebook and pen, the too-obtrusive tools of his trade, he must wrestle in his loneliness to break through the dark curtains of diversity of tongues and of life experienced. The ancient curse of Babel is upon him; he must fumble with concepts from another world, transmitted through another mind—the mind of the interpreter, who, just because of his intermediate position, may not be truly at home in either the old world or the new.

His own system of thought is likely to be impersonal, abstract, generalizing; it is a normal condition of his job that he must take long views; at whatever cost to his feelings, he must refuse

to be seduced from his main objective by local sympathies and indignations. But those whose experience and thinking he must unravel are most at home in the personal, the local, the particularized; tomorrow is more important than next year, let alone next decade; often they cannot see much beyond the local exaction, the shifting boundary-pegs, the petty tyrants of their fields. They express themselves in the halting language of earthy experience, articulate only in concrete fact or a dry salty peasant image or a laconic, gnomic, summation of the eternal commonplaces.

From these innumerable but incomplete facets of an alien world the Expert must try to capture the feeling and the general form of life, and to construct some generality which shall be at once manageable in the world of affairs and yet not too neglectful or distorting of human facts—of the pride of men who own little but their pride in an identity stemming from ancient ways, who would not willingly lose that nor should be robbed of it, but who yet reach out for new values in the strange new world before them. They long to master that perilous navigation from the old to the new, yet fear to lose sight of their ancestral shores. It is for the Expert to help them chart their course; and how can he be sure of his own plotting amidst so many shifting variables?

He cannot be sure. However convinced he may be of the rightness of his recommendations in the abstract, their working-out will be far from abstract and will not be his, even were he skilled to *do* as well as to *say*. 'Implementation' will be at the mercy of a thousand unforeseeable shifting factors of the market, of personality in rulers and ruled, of politics local and world-wide. That lucky phrase which catches the eye of Authority—what if it be the wrong phrase after all? For those with whom he talked in those nights around the bowl, what he writes in some distant office may mean more taxes for no visible return, or it may bless their fields with increase, their children with new heart for a new life: he simply cannot be sure. Even if it will spell a better life for thousands unborn, those tens or scores who have held his hand in theirs may never know this—and may remember him as the man after whom life became tougher, lost some of its colour and savour: the man who let them down.

The Expert is one of the figures of fun of our day, and often doubtless deservedly: there are simple problems and simple-minded Experts content (not always wrongly) with the good intentions and facile recommendations of our improving age. But often he may have in his hands not just the 'progress' but

the real happiness of thousands or tens of thousands; and that is not so funny. Often his heart must go out, in that strange disquiet which is love but not an equal love, to people not without sense or shrewdness, but caught up in the world of the market, so infinitely stronger, so often less humane, than their own, with which they must *somehow* come to terms. Yet the heart alone is quite as treacherous a guide as the mind alone; peoples have been wrecked by kind but uncandid friends as well as by base exploiters.

So the questions must be faced: who am I that I should take this responsibility for the ordering of other men's lives? Yet if I do not take it, do not use my God-given brain and the skills my society has taught me, am I not wasting that one Talent which is death to hide? One cannot, in honesty to oneself as to others, fall back on the vaguely benevolent statement of nothing much. The problem must be followed even if it leads to the sapping of cherished habits of thought and feeling, certainly to the foregoing of the delights of mental brilliance; it must be given all that one has both of intellectual passion and of human feeling—and yet these two must be disciplined into strict balance. And who but an expert fool would be sure he had done that?

O.H.K.Spate

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BEHAVIOURAL SCIENCE AND SOCIAL SCIENTISM

F.N.Cox

IT IS virtually a truism that scientific development in this century has been characterized by rapid and, to some extent, unassimilated progress in the physical and biological disciplines and by a marked lack of systematic knowledge in the behavioural and social fields. This disparity has evoked considerable comment in recent years, both from behavioural scientists themselves and from competent outsiders who have been investigating and discussing the effects of educational policies that have been largely based upon the generalizations and pronouncements of a very vocal group of social scientists. To understand some of the reasons for the slow rate of development in psychology and related fields, it is necessary to make a distinction between behavioural science and what Knöpfelmacher[1] has called 'social scientism'. Behavioural science consists simply of the body of testable hyotheses about defined aspects of the structure, functioning and performance of specified organisms. These hypotheses are at a low level of abstraction, but they have been confirmed by independent experiment and observation. In contrast, social scientism is an ideology which, for obvious reasons, masquerades as science whenever it can, but retreats into non-scientific canons of proof when challenged by empiricists.

My main thesis is that this schism in social science is to a considerable extent responsible for the lack of energetic and rigorous development in these disciplines. Consequently, the first step is to describe the chief characteristics of social scientism, and the next is to indicate the ways in which these characteristics have retarded progress in the behavioural sciences.

Advocates of social scientism concentrate upon questions the solutions of which appear to have obvious, immediate practical application. Margaret Mead illustrated this approach when she argued that 'our scientific problems must be chosen with explicit relevance to the pressing problems of our age' (*Journal of Social*

[1] See Knöpfelmacher, F. 'On Tolerance'. *Quadrant*, Winter, 1959. He describes 'social scientism' as comprising a blending of an unjustified interpretation of the findings of cultural anthropology with an uncritical acceptance of the assumptions of psychoanalysis.

Issues, 1954). It is decidedly fortunate that other scientists have interested themselves in theoretical problems that usually have no obvious, immediate practical application. Behavioural science and social scientism also differ in the kinds of evidence they cite and the types of conclusions they draw from their data. While the disciples of social scientism tend to rely upon anecdotal and even hearsay evidence and to offer hasty, sweeping generalizations, behavioural scientists demand observational and experimental data and specify the precise conditions under which their hypotheses do and do not hold.

Another characteristic of social scientism is the inconsistency of the advice its advocates so eagerly offer to the public. For instance, a careful survey of the pamphlets and other 'literature' distributed to Baby Health Centres in the United States over the past forty years showed that the recommendations made in one decade were often completely contradicted by those made in the next. There were, however, two common features in the recommendations: the paucity of reliable evidence to justify the advice offered, and the authority with which the pronouncements were made. Social scientism is neither cautious nor self-effacing —on the contrary, its disciples offer all-embracing advice to those people who are sufficiently ill-informed and uncritical to pay attention to the peculiar mixture of clichés and nonsense which is often presented as 'the findings of modern social science'. Further, some of the believers of this ideology even state or imply that failure to accept and apply their prescriptions will have appalling consequences for child health, conveniently—and characteristically—ignoring the fact that fads and fashions in child-rearing practices have had no measurable effects upon either the incidence or severity of psychiatric disorders.

If we consider the nature of the advice these persons have showered upon educationalists, we can readily add to the list of the characteristics of social scientism. One common approach is to begin with the assertion that 'we believe education to be concerned at least as much with laying the foundations for the development of society in the future as in the preservation of traditional skills and the traditional social structure'.[2] A second step is to claim that schools should be educating for life, educating for democracy and educating the whole child. Then the full menu is offered: real-life experiences as the entree, child-centred curricula the fish course, social adjustment the main

[2] O.A.Oeser (editor). *Teacher, Pupil and Task.* London. Tavistock 1953. This manual for teachers is quoted to illustrate that this kind of approach is to be found in this country as well as the United States.

course . . . and even the coffee is flavoured with the cloying syrup of permissiveness. There is abundant evidence that this programme has, to a large extent, been accepted by American educationalists. Recently, for instance, Vice-Admiral Rickover, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has stated that the United States Office of Education advocates a 'life-adjustment' education for all children, the rationale being that sixty per cent. of American children are incapable of benefitting from academic courses. Apart from this characteristically low evaluation of other people, this reasoning illustrates the way in which converts to social scientism ignore the rights and talents of minorities.

Fortunately, the Great Debate on American Education is having salutary effects—the extraordinary cult of progressive education is being exposed in many different ways. Here, it seems relevant to mention that the findings of behavioural science are very definitely opposed to this one-sided emphasis on training in interpersonal relationships. For example, it has been found that academic and social competence are quite independent of each other. It follows, then, that the naïve notion that improvements in social relationships automatically produce greater academic proficiency is quite untenable. Courses in social relationships may have some place in some curricula, but it should be clearly understood that they are necessarily at the expense of additional academic accomplishment. Again, the belief that adjustment is equivalent to freedom from tension is contradicted by the finding that a moderate level of anxiety is conducive to academic proficiency. More generally, recent findings are consistent with the traditional argument that all learning and training begin at home, that the prime function of the school is to supplement this with academic knowledge which cannot normally be acquired in the family, and that a secondary function of education is to provide additional opportunities for learning to develop individual, moral and social responsibility.

Innuendoes or statements to the contrary, social scientism is not science. The generalizations its adherents produce are derived from non-representative samples, from groups of people who are emotionally, intellectually or socially incompetent. These propositions are carelessly applied to all people, and the simple, but essential, step of investigating whether they are appplicable to the vast majority of the population, is omitted.[3]

[3] Such propositions as 'the poor learners in a classroom are also poor in satisfactory relations with others in the class . . . and when their peer-relations are adjusted their learning also improves' (Oeser, *op. cit*, p. 3), are largely

Experimentation is a rarity, and independent replication an accident. On the other hand, value-judgments are made on a wide variety of issues, empathy and intuition being easy substitutes for knowledge and logic.

There is little doubt that social scientism is practised and preached by well-meaning, sentimental humanitarians who have confused ideas of what science is and what its goals are, and who appear to have little appreciation of scientific method. While it is true that one may look at the world from any point of view, that the scientific way is but one, and necessarily an abstract and over-simplified, point of view, it is also true that if one adopts a different approach, one has to recognize this and be consistent about it. For example, it is not permissible to confuse ideological beliefs about the desirability of social change with scientific laws about the conditions under which individual behaviour does and does not change. Spence, a celebrated American psychologist, has this to say about the personal characteristics of many of his clan: 'too many persons whose interests are non-scientific have become psychologists under the mistaken impression that Psychology is one of the arts'.

The most obvious way in which social scientism has hampered the development of behavioural science is in terms of sheer waste of manpower. Advocates of social scientism not only fail to make sound contributions to the study of human behaviour, but their self-assured and glib generalizations give the misleading impression that basic laws are known, that what is required is a vast body of skilled technicians to apply the principles of social scientism. Consequently, their much-publicized ideas may well have helped to attract unsuitable recruits to behavioural science.

Another consequence of social scientism is shortage of funds for fundamental research. Its vociferous adherents are adept at public relations, and there is always likely to be a response to the superficial appeal of their emphasis upon immediate practical problems. Further, they tend to be the kind of people

derived from the findings of clinicians. For example, Goldstein (*Human Nature in the Light of Psychopathology*, Harvard University Press, 1940) and Rogers (*Client-Centered Therapy*, Houghton Mifflin, 1951) have concluded that their patients respond to the environment as total organisms, that 'poor' adjustment in one situation necessarily implied 'poor' adjustment in another. These arguments may well be true for many grossly disordered persons, yet even the most harassed primary school teacher would hesitate before he dealt with his charges as if they were psychiatric patients. Indeed, one finds that many teachers discriminate quite precisely between academic and social adjustment: presumably years of experience with large samples of normal children is an effective antidote to social scientism.

who will undertake 'irrelevant work for which funds happen to be available', or even design studies to fit the policies of those who are sufficiently generous and far-sighted to support research in human relationships. Not only does this directly deprive the behavioural scientist of money, but it seems likely to affect the future financing of the study of human behaviour since it is difficult to imagine that shrewd administrators will be satisfied with clichés, let alone sufficiently gullible to continue to support the people who produce this kind of rubbish. One cannot expect donors and sponsors to be able to discriminate between the merits of behavioural science and social scientism, so it is only reasonable to anticipate some measure of generalized rejection —at least for a time.

Responsibility for this possible lack of support for social science research cannot be entirely attributed to the disciples of social scientism: many behavioural scientists are indifferent to, or contemptuous of public relations. They are prone to encyst themselves in their laboratories and to ignore the effects that social scientism is having on the outside world. While it is obviously unreasonable to expect behavioural scientists to examine all of the assertions made in the name of 'modern social science', it is surely appropriate and prudent for them to query or deny the more manifestly ridiculous statements published under this heading. To this, of course, the experimentalist will retort that he has more important things to do than disprove inane generalizations. There is some truth in his argument, but there is also an element of irresponsibility, quite apart from arrogance and lack of foresight, in this inability or refusal to accept the fact that science is a matter of public concern, and that government and private support for science necessarily implies some obligations for the individual research worker. In the writer's opinion, many behavioural scientists are failing to fulfil these obligations. Firstly, they seldom query or deny the more ludicrous claims of social scientism; and secondly, few of them bother to discuss their own findings and conclusions in publications of general interest. Yet these are surely two of the first steps to take if the public is to be able to learn to discriminate between behavioural science and social scientism, and if this discrimination is not made it seems likely that the social sciences will find it increasingly difficult to attract financial support and able recruits.

F.N.Cox

ABSENCE

Geoffrey Dutton

When we make love
That is exactly what we do.
In bed we wake from the sleep of facts
And love is made of what was me and you.

A separate power,
It walks beside the normal day
And casually from a street or flower
Lays ruins or round fruit about my feet.

Give back, give now!
But love will not. Desire refracts
The single beam of happiness
That hides in the night it pierces when we meet.

Nevertheless,
Though love gives neither breast nor back
To my shaping hand, it gives itself,
And this at any distance gives me you.

AN AMERICAN SETTLEMENT IN AUSTRALIA, 1803

H.A.Lindsay

ABOUT fifty American seamen were the first white people to settle in what is now South Australia. It came about because the manager of Fanning & Co, a New York firm of shipowners, had read George Vancouver's *Voyage Around the World*, published in London in 1798. In it, Vancouver mentioned having seen numerous fur seals around the south-west corner of Australia, then known as New Holland.

Fanning & Co decided to fit out a vessel and take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a valuable cargo of furs. They chose their brig *Union*, of one hundred and twenty tons. The command was given to Captain James Pendleton and he was instructed to sail to the large inlet on the south-west coast of Australia, named King George III Sound by Vancouver. Upon arrival he was to hunt fur seals on the off-shore islands and reefs.

The *Union* sailed from New York in October, 1802, and reached Australia via the Cape of Good Hope. Pendleton dropped anchor in a small inner bay of King George Sound and began to refill his water casks. On 20 February, 1803, he was astonished to see a ship's boat enter the bay.

It was manned by Frenchmen, and Joseph Ransonnet, the young midshipman in charge, told Pendleton that he came from the French exploring corvette *Le Géographe*, commanded by Nicolas Baudin, which was anchored in another part of the Sound, homeward bound after surveying the hitherto unknown coast to the eastward.

Francis Péron, a zoologist aboard *Le Géographe*, recorded in his journal that Pendleton paid a visit to the French ship and dined aboard. Pendleton said he was very disappointed at the prospects for hunting seals there. Instead of the 'vast numbers' reported by Vancouver, he had seen no more than thirty of the animals.

Baudin advised him to sail eastward to a large island which he had discovered and had named Isle Déscrès, where he would not only find an abundance of fur seals, but also a supply of fresh meat in the shape of numerous kangaroos. (The French were not the first Europeans to land on this island. Matthew Flinders, the British explorer, in H.M.S. *Investigator*, had been

there before the French and had given it the name which it bears today, Kangaroo Island.)

Pendleton took Baudin's advice and found plenty of seals around Kangaroo Island, but towards the middle of May the heavy south-westerlies set in and he decided to find a snug haven and winter in it. The landlocked inlet which he chose had been named Pelican Lagoon by Flinders but, on account of Pendleton's stay there, this was changed later to the present one, American River.

To keep his men occupied, as well as to have a handy small craft to serve as a tender to the brig, Pendleton set his crew to work on the building of a thirty ton schooner, using the eucalypt and native pine timbers which grew on the shore of the inlet.

While this schooner was being built, most of the men lived ashore in a large brushwood hut. The cook established a little garden, fenced with stakes to keep out the kangaroos and wallabies, in which he grew spinach, potatoes, peas and skillion onions. Another man was issued with a musket and he kept the camp supplied with kangaroo meat.

When the schooner was launched, Pendleton named her *Independence*. He placed his mate, O.F.Smith, in command and instructed him to sail back to King George Sound. There he was to build a cairn on the summit of Seal Island and in it place a bottle, containing an account of what had been done, to guide any other vessels belonging to Fanning & Co which might call there.

This mission was carried out. When the *Independence* returned to Kangaroo Island, the two vessels began to hunt fur seals. Supplies ran short as Christmas drew near, so Pendleton sailed the *Union* to Sydney. The *Gazette* records that he arrived in January, 1804, with five thousand sealskins. After landing this valuable cargo and taking in stores, Pendleton sailed back to Kangaroo Island.

He arrived in Sydney again on 29 June with a further twelve thousand skins. The *Independence*, in ballast, arrived two days later. During the trip, Pendleton had sighted numerous seal rookeries in Bass Strait and on an island there he had left eleven men, with stores and a whaleboat, to continue seal hunting.

So far, Pendleton had done very well indeed for his owners, but now he made a serious blunder. Simeon Lord, a wily and unscrupulous Sydney merchant, persuaded him to abandon sealing in favour of collecting sandalwood from the Pacific Islands and selling it in China, assuring him that it offered fantastic profits.

A deed of partnership was signed and Pendleton sailed for Fiji. Some of the sealskins which he had obtained were shipped to Canton, but he left fourteen thousand of them stored in Lord's warehouse. On 30 September the *Union* dropped anchor off Tongatabu, in the Friendly Islands, and Pendleton went ashore, accompanied by Boston, the supercargo, and six seamen. It was Pendleton's intention to engage a Tongan to act as interpreter when dealing with the Fijians.

The boat did not return to the brig but next morning a canoe came out, manned by Tongans. They had with them an English-speaking Malay who informed the mate, Daniel Wright, that the captain and his men were having a wonderful time ashore. He had been sent to invite another boatload of seamen to join in the feasting.

Knowing that Pendleton would have sent a note, Wright refused to believe the tale and threatened dire retribution if the captain and the seven men with him had been harmed. That afternoon the canoe came out again, this time with a white woman in the bows. As soon as the canoe came within speaking distance, the woman screamed a warning, dived overboard and swam towards the brig. Wright prevented the Tongans from recapturing her by ordering the crew to open fire on the canoe.

When the woman was helped aboard the brig, she said that Pendleton and all his men had been murdered. She had been forced to come out in the canoe as a decoy. She gave her name as Elizabeth Morey and said that her life had been spared when the Tongans had murdered the crew of the American ship *Duke of Portland* two years previously.

Wright took her to Sydney, reported the affair to the Governor and sailed back on a second attempt to secure a cargo of sandalwood, but in the Fiji Islands a heavy squall caught the *Union* on a lee shore. She failed to wear clear of a coral reef, was wrecked and those of the crew who escaped drowning were butchered by the Fijians when they struggled ashore.

When news of the disaster reached Sydney, brought by another sandalwood trading ship, Simeon Lord sent a ship to Bass Strait to pick up the sealskins collected by the men whom Pendleton had left there. 'But don't take those fellows off the island,' he ordered. 'Leave 'em there to get more skins.'

That ship returned with a record cargo of sixty thousand skins. Later, when another ship called in, the sealers' camp was deserted. A note in a bottle stated that the men, furious at the way in which they had been treated, had attracted the attention of a passing ship, whose captain had agreed to take

them to Sydney. But nothing more was ever heard of this ship.

Later, the little *Independence* went missing with all hands on a voyage to New Zealand. Thus, of all the men who left New York in the brig *Union* in 1802, not one ever saw his homeland again.

It involved Fanning & Co in a heavy financial loss. Not only did they lose their two ships; Simeon Lord now appropriated the seventy-four thousand sealskins which were their property, shipped them to Canton, and pocketed the proceeds. He claimed that he was entitled to do it because he had lost a big sum in stocking the brig with the trade goods which were lost when she was wrecked, as well as cash advanced to Pendleton to pay wages and to purchase ship's stores.

As sealskins then fetched up to two dollars apiece in China, his action can be classed as daylight robbery. Philip Gidley King, Governor of New South Wales, in one of his dispatches, stated that Lord's action 'had the appearance of an arrant fraud on the American owners of the vessel'. But the Colonial Office in London was unable to give a definite ruling. It involved the East India Company's claim to have a charter which gave it a monopoly of trade in the Western Pacific, with American ships having no right to trade there. As a result, King could not take official action.

The stay of the *Union* at Kangaroo Island had a sequel. In the taverns on the Sydney waterfront, those American seamen had a lot to say about the place. They praised its climate, described the abundance of fish and game and said that anyone who settled there could make a living by growing vegetables and selling them to the sealing and whaling ships which would soon be calling in for firewood and fresh water.

Money could also be made by collecting seal and wallaby pelts, and by scraping up salt on the beds of the numerous dry lagoons. Other seamen took this information to Tasmania. As a result, four convicts who were working as assigned servants stole a whaleboat and, accompanied by four Tasmanian aboriginal girls, Betty, Bumblefoot, Pussy and Sukey, set off on a desperate bid to reach Kangaroo Island. They suffered great hardships but won through and formed a camp where the town of Kingscote is today.

Later, they were joined by seamen who deserted from whaling ships which put in there for fresh water, as well as a few more escapees from penal settlements. Additional aboriginal women were obtained from the nearby mainland. A man known as 'Abyssinia Jack' made himself leader, ruling by brute force.

But one day his mates lowered him over a three hundred foot cliff on a rope to take his turn at killing the seals basking at its foot. They hauled up the carcases of the seals which he had clubbed to death, but when they had brought Abyssinia close to the brink of the cliff—they didn't want to sacrifice any more of the rope than they could help—they told the bully what they thought of him, listened to his entreaties for a time, then cut the rope.

When the first settlers arrived to pioneer the Province of South Australia in 1836, they found that these Kangaroo Islanders had become quite a community of European men, aboriginal wives and a host of half-caste children.

In most reference works, including the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, it is stated that Truganina, who died in Hobart on 8 May, 1876, was the last of the Tasmanian aborigines, but this is incorrect. Betty, on Kangaroo Island, survived her by two years, and Sukey, as is shown by docket 280/1894 of the Destitute Board of South Australia, survived her by another twelve years.

What a story that old woman could have told if somebody had written down her reminiscences! But nobody bothered to do it; she took with her information now lost to the world and even the site of her grave has been forgotten.

H.A.Lindsay

CULTURE

(From THE GODDESS RETURNS)

Alexander Craig

Next to a politician's broad, flat face,
Who, firm in foolishness, still holds his place;
Next to the racehorse of Australia's leisure,
These 'Culture' praters give the goddess[1] pleasure.
In ages where the *thing* called Culture's found,
The *word* means just the tilling of the ground:
We only have a hollow, hateful sound.
It's like the jackals' howl that Byron heard,
When those in the Ephesian ruins stirred;
Or the African hyena, when it dies
And gnaws its entrails with demented cries.

[1] The goddess Dulness.

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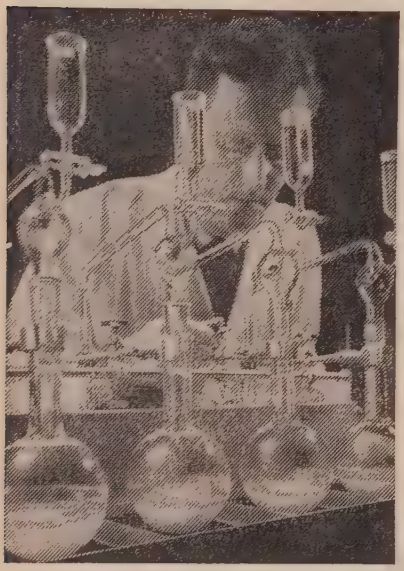

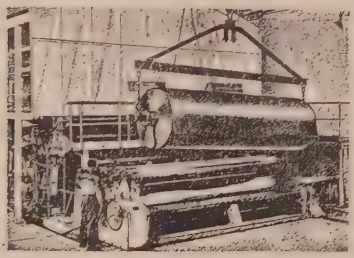

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JOSEPH FURPHY, REALIST

Chris Wallace-Crabbe

DISCUSSION of Joseph Furphy and of his one major achievement, *Such is Life*, still tends to produce two irreconcilable responses among Australian readers: on the one hand there are those who find the book unformed, provincial, crude, almost unreadable; on the other, those who accord it full status as one of our three or four prose classics, at the same time representing it as an unambiguously Radical document of sorts, charged with a crude vitality which delivers a slap in the eye to excessive formalism and artifice in literature.

Each of these views seems to me superficial and thoroughly inadequate; and both have been answered by such critics as H.J.Oliver, A.A.Phillips and John Barnes, who have properly stressed Furphy's complex articulation of the novel. If we agree with this stress on craftsmanship, we are likely to take quite a different account of the strengths and weaknesses of *Such is Life* as well as of its general aims. For *Such is Life* stands as a unique and important book, yet it is in some ways obviously flawed; and its chief flaws can be seen to arise from an excess of artifice, from the creation of a prose structure which is too idiosyncratic to be always effective.

Despite all the insistence which has been placed on Furphy's playful tag, 'temper democratic; bias offensively Australian', the spirit of *Such is Life* is somehow remarkably at odds with the literary nationalism of the eighteen-nineties. The inhibitions of this cultural climate and the particular demands of an all-powerful *Bulletin* must bear a measure of responsibility for limiting Lawson's achievement; and Furphy's work, though more vigorously independent, can be seen to have suffered indirectly from the same influences: clearly his talents were ill-suited to flourishing nineteenth-century naturalism, and to *The Bulletin's* demand for snatches of reportage thinly disguised as fiction. His independence of spirit—demonstrated among other things in his escape from the dreadful sentimentality which dogged so many of his contemporaries—demanded the broader scope which Lawson, for all his gifts, was never to achieve; and found it in the elaborate structure of *Such is Life*.

But this independence also compelled him to fabricate his own literary tradition in near-isolation. This personal 'tradition' he acquired from his wide but haphazard reading, drawing

particularly upon the Bible, Shakespearian drama and, *inter alia*, the eighteenth-century novel. The factitious nature of this literary heritage as applied to rural Australia in the nineties obviously contributes to the eccentricity of *Such is Life*—to the grotesque construction which helps to make it a notably curious achievement.

It is important to remember what Furphy's literary antecedents were, not only because his frequent references to Shakespeare and the Old Testamant provide something of a moral context for events in *Such is Life*, but also because, as A.D.Hope first pointed out, the book exemplifies a conscious theory of the novel. It has often been observed that Furphy rebelled against sentimentality and falsehood in the Victorian novel (Tom Collins's vigorous asides comparing the practices of the 'novelist' with the plain veracity of the 'chronicler' leave us in no doubt about this), but he had equally little in common with the naturalism of Zola and Bennett. Even if a naturalistic strain enabled him to fill out the background of Riverina manners, activities and even topography in considerable detail, his craftsmanship was turned to a process of selection and exaggeration which produced a far different effect overall. And the use of Tom Collins as a kind of comic *persona* maintaining a delicately fluctuating relationship with his author without relinquishing his role as a participant, is clearly quite foreign to the naturalistic approach. In these deliberate shifts of tone, and in the way Collins's quasi-philosophical asides are, generally, related to the rest of the book, *Such is Life* would seem to stand somewhere between *Tom Jones* and *A Sentimental Journey*.

This comparison, with its emphasis on Furphy's comic artifice and concern for maintaining a distinctive *tone*, obviously suggests a very different opinion from H.M.Green's much-belaboured account of the book:

> Furphy is not strictly a novelist at all; his book is a great formless slab . . . bolted loosely together by the intermittent recurrence of certain characters as well as by the invariable presence and fairly frequent action of the author himself, or at least the author as Tom Collins.

Even more than the way it blandly discounts Furphy's structural ingenuities, the disturbing thing about this comment is the assumption that Tom Collins simply represents his author. If accepted, this would lead to a view of the book in which Collins the commentator and Collins the frequently inept participant were more or less independent of one another. To me this seems a most unconvincing interpretation of *Such is Life*, though the fact that it can be interpreted thus—and Green is by no means alone in this—does point to weaknesses in construction; or at

least to barriers which must be surmounted in coming to terms with the book.

One of the problems, a source of doubt and difficulty among readers tackling *Such is Life* for the first time (for it is a book which gains in impressiveness and coherence with successive readings), is the uniqueness of Furphy's mode, its remoteness from any familiar *genre*. Even his affinities with the eighteenth-century novelists are fairly tenuous, when all is said and done. How, for example, is a reader going to react to a novel which includes in its first half-dozen pages such different passages as the following?

> Whilst a peculiar defect—which I scarcely like to call an oversight in mental construction—shuts me out from the flowery pathway of the romancer, a co-ordinate requital endows me, I trust, with the more sterling, if less ornamental qualities of the chronicler. This fairly equitable compensation embraces, I have been told, three distinct attributes: an intuition which reads men like signboards; a limpid veracity; and a memory which habitually stereotypes all impressions except those relating to personal injuries.

and

> Mile after mile we go at a good walk, till the dark boundary of the scrub country disappears northward in the glassy haze, and in front, southward, the level black-soil plains of Riverina Proper mark a straight sky-line, broken here and there by a monumental clump or pine-ridge. And away beyond the horizon, southward still, the geodesic curve carries that monotony across the zone of salt-bush, myall, and swamp box; across the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee, and on to the Victorian border—say, two hundred and fifty miles.

and even

> 'It's this way,' said Mosey imperatively, and deftly weaving into his address the thin red line of puissant adjective; 'You dunno what you're doin' when you're foolin' with this run. She's hair-trigger at the best o' times, an' she's on full cock this year. Best watched station on the track. It's a risk whatever way you take it. We're middlin' safe to be collared in the selection, an' we're jist as safe to be collared in the ram-paddick. Choice between the divil an' the dam. An' there's too big a township o' wagons together. Two's enough, an' three's a glutton, for sich a season as this.

To appreciate *Such is Life*, the reader must be ready to respond to these differences in tone, to regard them as integral to the book's development. And in doing this he will begin to realize the significance of the gap between Furphy and Collins.

Tom Collins is a substantial and active character, for all his Deputy-Assistant-Sub-Inspector's aloofness. The distance maintained between him and Furphy is an important technique of comment-by-implication throughout the book, and is one of the chief vehicles of a balanced vision which does not always appear on the surface. Admittedly Collins often propounds views which

are manifestly the author's own (for example, the denunciations of the 'novelist's' distorted view of the world, the Meerschaum Pipe dissertation on hardship and Christian civilization in Chapter III, and the aside on English notions of fair play, inspired by the pompous bully, Folkestone, in Chapter VI), but Furphy keeps distancing himself effectively by making his narrator sound portentous or pedantic, as well as by revealing considerable disparity between Collins's benevolent, egalitarian ideas and his ability to put them into practice. His fantastic over-ingenuity, combined with a real incapacity for seeing beyond the end of his nose, results in the imprisonment of poor, harmless Andy Glover and, almost certainly, in the death of the lonely swagman, George Murdoch, while his preoccupation with the 'tawny-haired tigresses' of Ouida blinds him repeatedly to evidence of the Warrigal Alf-Molly Cooper relationship.

Tom Collins's theories are seen in fact as hopelessly limited and arbitrary, if not downright absurd; and in this they are representative of all our attempts, whether in terms of religion, metaphysics or politics, to account for the complex tragi-comedy which is life. Here is a view of life in which comfortable dogmas can play no part. Like Collins we can only grin and bear it—a response which is symbolized in Jack the Shellback's account of the penguin which spends its life catching fish, only to have them snatched away repeatedly by the man-o'-war hawk: 'The penguin, living in total ignorance of the man-o'-war hawk's existence vaguely and half-amusedly apprehends his deprivation.' Furphy demands this kind of good-natured humility from us all.

However comic its manner, *Such is Life* is, as I have already suggested, a serious experimental work based on a distinctive theory of the novel. Furphy is not seeking to tell a story of purpose and logical sequence, nor to generate a series of developments through the dramatic interaction of characters, but to give a sense of how things actually happen: the pattern of life itself. This is why his book is so specifically an 'anti-novel', why so much stress is placed on the haphazard selection of dates from Collins's pocket diary, and why the author so obviously delights in the piecemeal, oblique development of his veins of narrative. If the parts of this narrative fit together like the pieces of a large-scale jigsaw puzzle, it is because this is how things are generally revealed to us in real life. In this way, *Such is Life* can be seen as a profoundly realistic novel; but its realism is not the realism of character, nor is it a Social Realist's view of the commonplace events of Riverina life in the eighteen-eighties (Collins's diary is dated 1883). A kind of realism emerges which

undermines romantic assumptions, literary conventions and even political ideals, demanding instead our assent to the proposition that people and events remain quite individual, quite unpredictable. The artistic unity of *Such is Life* resembles the haphazard and precarious unity we impose on our own experience.

It is significant that Furphy, like Xavier Herbert after him, writes an ambitious, original novel in a deliberately comic mode. However, it seems to me that their types of comedy are almost diametrically opposed—quite apart from the consideration that Furphy's approach is consciously 'literary' in a way that could never be suggested of Herbert. In the more Dostoievskian world of *Capricornia* (the analogy is not entirely paradoxical) an irrevocably tragic pattern of life includes a great deal of comedy; in *Such is Life*, on the other hand, a predominantly comic world manages to encompass the tragedies of such people as Mary O'Halloran, George Murdoch and Andy Glover without demanding a grimly stoical response. Both, however, would appreciate the view represented in Auden's lines:

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along.

It is more than personal idiosyncracy that makes Tom Collins respond to the unpredictable twists and turns of fate with his frequently reiterated 'such is life'. This mildly sardonic acceptance of things is demanded by the whole development of the novel. For Furphy, both through and outside Collins, offers a basically determinist interpretation of the way things happen. Like the twentieth-century Existentialists, he sees man's existence as composed of a series of instantaneous, unguided choices, but unlike them he attaches no particular value to the notion of choice. An important analogy, presented in Chapter II after Collins has avoided speaking to the reclining George Murdoch, is that of a locomotive speeding along a line where it is suddenly faced with unheralded junctions; at each of these, with little or no guiding information, the locomotive must suddenly make a choice of lines, and in each case this choice will affect the remainder of its journey. Collins's choice on Goolumbulla Station, prompted solely by an overscrupulous sense of bush courtesy, leads to the death of Murdoch and, less directly, to that of Mary O'Halloran. The result is out of all proportion to the apparent implications of his choice.

For all this, a comic response is demanded by the way men

vainly, ridiculously seek to systematize, generalize, moralize and theologize. In *Such is Life* these human vanities are constantly being deflated; Collins's theories, whether of social democracy or of the fantastic science of Nomenology, are mocked by his actual performance; Willoughby's university education is grotesquely useless to him in the Riverina, and Sollicker's credulous faith is easily shown up in all its stupidity. One of the purposes of Furphy's remarkable range of national and occupational types is to stress the role played by environment and circumstances in forming men's opinions. For example, every bullocky sees the crucial issue of grass-stealing as perfectly natural and every squatter, even a decent, tolerant man like Montgomery, opposes it: apart from the curious case of Stewart of Kooltopa, only Collins, from his independent position as a minor government official, really looks at both sides of the question and he remains morally indifferent. Even Rory O'Halloran's Catholicism is seen as a geographical accident, a result of his having been born in Ireland. There is no shade of belief or doctrine which receives approval.

The only possible response to the vagaries of life that can gain Furphy's assent is a warm, untheoretical concern for other men. This is most fully exemplified in Stewart of Kooltopa, a squatter but an '(adj.) Christian', who, after voicing his moral disapproval of Warrigal Alf at some length, proves willing to care for Alf through his illness. But Stewart is only a minor character in the book, and is seen as exceptional.

Life is a complex thing and no final answers are presented. Furphy's aim is neither to despair nor to rejoice but to take up the kind of attitude we find in the last paragraph of *Such is Life*, where individual lives are seen as isolated and ridiculous, and yet as retaining some real value:

> Now I had to enact the Cynic Philosopher to Moriarty and Butler, and the aristocratic man with a 'past' to Mrs Beaudesart; with the satisfaction of knowing that each of these was acting a part to me. Such is life, my fellow-mummers—just like a poor player, that bluffs and feints his hour upon the stage, and then cheapens down to mere nonentity. But let me not hear any small witticism to the further effect that its story is a tale told by a vulgarian, full of slang and blanky—signifying—nothing.

Whatever may be arbitrary and chaotic in life as we know it, that last injunction is essential to a balanced view: Furphy's response to life is a comic, not a cynical one.

The comic mode of *Such is Life* manifests itself in a variety of ways: first of all, of course, in the general presentation of Tom Collins, with its continual contrast between theory and

performance; secondly, in the elaborate self-parody and word-play of many of Collins's 'philosophical' monologues (though some of these could profitably be cut); thirdly, in a great deal of purely literary reference and burlesque; fourthly, in some excellent scenes of high comedy (Tom's nude Odyssey along the Murray on the night of the Sunday School picnic is extra-ordinarily funny and well-sustained: imagine what Steele Rudd would have made of the same theme!); and, lastly, in much comedy of manners, involving some pretty devastating accounts of station etiquette, together with a wide range of exotic dialects. *Such is Life* offers stoic humour as the only response to an unpredictable fate and the terrible arbitrariness of personal decisions: it is seen as the only response which will both protect us in adversity and allow us to retain the humility which is demanded of us.

But if this prevailing attitude is honest and in some ways engagingly clear-sighted, it also has disturbing limitations. For one thing, we all know that men do live by the beliefs and ideologies which Furphy spoofs so amiably; that these become powerful motivating forces in many people's lives; and that they often provide moral sustenance where nothing else is available. We cannot demand that Furphy should acquiesce in this human peculiarity, but a book which is called *Such is Life* should at least take account of it as a significant fact. Even the doctrine of Mateship, however sentimental it became at times, could become a real source of personal conviction: some of Lawson's stories exemplify this. Yet the scene in Chapter I where the camped bullockies systematically destroy the reputation of each man who goes to fetch water puts paid to any idealized notion of Mateship. In such things as this, Furphy's realism may involve leaving out rather too much of life. We must ask ourselves whether the book offers us enough in the way of positive human values to compensate for this kind of exclusiveness.

But there is another, more serious limitation apparent in the moral achievement of *Such is Life* (the book somehow demands that one should bring moral criteria into play). This is brought out most strongly in the beautifully handled discussion of lost children. The bullockies are yarning in the evening. Steve Thompson, Collins's old friend, tells the story of Mary O'Halloran's death in the bush. This moving tale, which brings indirect responsibility home to Collins himself, is immediately followed by the parallel, yet significantly different stories of Saunders and Stevenson. Finally, as the bullockies are falling asleep, Collins asks Thompson a question which indicates that

he is aware of the degree of his own responsibility; but Thompson is asleep. Collins muses about the O'Hallorans for a while, but then drifts off into the generalized rambling of 'Deepest pathos lies only in homely things, since the frailness of mortality is the pathetic centre, and mortality is nothing but homely'. Soon Collins is asleep also, and the O'Hallorans are all too easily forgotten.

A.A.Phillips has praised this passage highly for its emotional control, and we can easily see why. Nevertheless, when we take it in the context of the whole book, we find Furphy's irony drifting too close to sheer heartlessness. Collins may be a fantastic bumbler, but he is meant to be a likeable one. It is constantly being suggested that his heart is in the right place. And yet, both in this passage and elsewhere, he is allowed to escape from any lasting sense of responsibility for his fellow men. An amiable egocentric he may be, but given his role in the novel, it is disturbing that his human deficiencies are allowed to go unreproved. Far more than any question of structural over-ingenuity or an occasional excess of garrulousness, this tendency to simply acquiesce in an amoral and fatalistic universe seems the important weakness of *Such is Life*.

In the last resort, Furphy's reputation must stand or fall by *Such is Life*. His only other works which call for consideration are *Rigby's Romance* and *The Buln-buln and the Brolga*, two pieces which he excised from the orignal manuscript of the major work and refurbished into a novel and a long-short story: neither of these is of great importance, though *The Buln-buln and the Brolga* is an extremely entertaining and neatly turned story.

For this reason, one must concentrate on *Such is Life* and on the effectiveness of its unique brand of realism. I have done no more here than to hint at Furphy's realism in a narrower, but still important sense: to the broad range of his picture of Riverina life, to the convincing detail with which he portrays the activities of bullockies and stationhands, to his remarkably concrete presentation of vegetation and topography, and to the strong impression he gives of physical space and distance. It is these strengths which provide a basis for the more ambitious achievements of *Such is Life*. For Furphy's choice of the Riverina as a setting had not much political or nationalistic significance; its importance for him lay in the fact that it was a self-contained and thoroughly familiar society—a microcosm in which he could detect the patterns and operations of life itself.

Is there any other Australian novelist before Patrick White from whom we can gain so much? *Chris Wallace-Crabbe*

GNOMIC VERSES

Clive Sansom

To decorate my home
I bought a plaster gnome
And put him in the garden with a fishing-rod and line.
The O'Connors have his brother
And the Mendelsohns another,
But none of theirs, I'm proud to say, is quite so large as mine.

In a teeny fairy dell
Beside a wishing well,
Between the stork and cartwheel and the bed of plastic flowers,
He fishes day and night
Though there's not a fish in sight,
And guards the concrete sundial that counts the happy hours.

I love the little fellow
In his suit of green and yellow,
With tall black boots and his long red shiny nose.
And—bless his plaster heart!—
We cannot bear to part,
So anywhere his master is, my pretty monster goes.

And when I drive away,
If it's only for a day,
I pop him in the suitcase beside my brush and comb.
Then I'm happy, for I know
Wherever I may go
And however far I travel, I shall find a gnome from home.

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TAIWAN JOURNEY

Kenneth Gee

NO EMPEROR of Cathay, no silk-gowned Mandarin departing on a tour of the Provinces, could have enjoyed more devoted preparations than my faithful Robert Liau gave to my journey to Taichung. Robert, square-faced and wide-jawed, typically Taiwanese, was delighted to hear that I wished to travel Formosa alone, unguided and unpersuaded. Many visitors, he told me, liked to see the Island of Beauty that way, and they were encouraged to go where they wished, see what they liked, talk to whomsoever they desired.

Robert hurried away to his lair at the Government Information Office, and soon returned, filled with modest pride at his masterpiece: 'Tentative Schedule For Mr Kenneth Gee'. Precise, categorical, meticulous in detail, it read like a Girl's First Cookery Book:

(1) From Grand Hotel, take pedicab (fare NTD 14) to Taipeh Central Station, arriving 0915 hours exactly.

(2) Ask at which window can you buy ticket to Taichung. Buy ticket at proper window. (Prepare NTD 30 and receive change.)

Easier said than done, Robert. Entering Taipeh Central was like walking into the middle of a bee-hive. Everywhere an immense proliferation of humanity, the Population Explosion going Wham! in front of your eyes. Fathers of huge families leading their scurrying young, dozens of fawn-uniformed High School boys, soldiers, airmen, dazed-looking farm women, serene old priests, detached as sleep-walkers, commuting clerks and businessmen, peasants in blue cotton jackets, girls tottering on the high heels of fashion, myriads of pig-tailed, black-eyed, round-cheeked children: all surging in revolving eddies like a gaseous nebula, throwing out fronds from its periphery towards the platforms, the toilets, and the row of ticket windows, each surmounted by a Chinese ideogram, in red neon.

'Buy ticket at proper window.' Yes, but in Formosa, where few tourists go, all signs are in Chinese, not in English. Which said Taichung, of all these Rorschach images in neon? Robert had thought of this, and given me a bundle of little slips of paper for just such crises. On one, in English and in Mandarin, he had written: 'At which window I can buy a ticket to Taichung?'

A black-uniformed white-helmeted policeman gravely studied the note. His eyes ran sideways for the English, downwards for

the Chinese. He seemed to follow both, and plunged among the cheerful crowd wedged round one of the windows. Elbowing and elbowed back, treated, I was pleased to see, with no special respect, he emerged triumphant with my ticket.

Out into the calm of the platform, where China awaited the Japanese diesel. I was the only Westerner; the American travels by car. I stood next to the owner of a mobile restaurant; two large wood and glass showcases, carried on the ends of a pole. Only a few roast ducks, hanging resentfully by their necks, remained of the day's stock in trade.

I studied the feet of China. The carefully dressed businessmen, and the smart young students, might have just emerged from some Sartoria Italiana, in glazed black kid with pointed toes. A peasant family, on the move with all its bedding strapped into great rolls, pattered around on its strong bare feet. Peasants are not poor on Taiwan any more, but feet accustomed over a lifetime to the gentle mud of the paddy-fields would not accommodate themselves to leather. Workmen clip-clopped on wooden clogs, sounding like horses trotting with loose shoes.

The crowd on the platform coalesced into queues before the carriages. The Station Master, resplendent in a peaked cap with red band, called authoritatively in Chinese. I showed my ticket to two young privates of Chiang's army, walking hand-in-hand like schoolgirls, spruce and very polite. They looked fourteen, but the Chinese all look ten years younger than their age. I was steered into line behind a girl with bright red lipstick, waved hair, tartan stove-pipe trousers, and a beautiful baby strapped on her back.

Is there anywhere in the world where train tickets are not confused? An aged man in a grey gown, richly embroidered, and round skull-cap, mustachios flowing over the sides of his serene mouth like little waterfalls, had stepped out of a silk painting of the Chin period to occupy my seat. The blue-clad hostess spoke to him and led him away, his heavy crucifix swinging gently.

At its outskirts Taipeh, built for three hundred thousand people and bulging with nearly a million, spilled over the countryside in grey patches. But the countryside fought back. Cabbages, corn and tomatoes stood guard in close ranks right up to the factory walls, and forays had been sent creeping round the corners and along the sides of the concrete paths. Spinach, onions, broad beans in martial lines. On Taiwan, half the size of Tasmania and only one-third arable, not an inch of soil can be wasted.

Paddy-fields were appearing, and rice seedbeds, like pieces of green silk pegged down, and the land was criss-crossed with innumerable ditches and canals, playground for thousands of ducks and geese. The water buffaloes, country cousins to the sleek, tan-coloured oxen who pull drays in Taipeh, were more like hippopotomi than cattle, their thick hides greyer than the mud. They seemed lost in thought in front of the wooden plough, the harrow, or the sled that spread the mud as smooth as a billiard table. Benevolent, doted on by the peasant family, generous of dung, huge horns laid to rest along grey backs, they lived now in the old adobe huts, still standing behind the new red-bricked dwellings of the farmers. But in some of the fields the motor-tillers, manufactured in the industrial south, spluttered out their threats to the old order.

From the east the great amphitheatre of the mountains fell towards the plain, the lines of the paddy-fields drawn around the contours with sweeping freehand strokes. Many of the fields were water-covered and ruled across with the bright green lines of newly planted rice.

Even between the ridges, tiny fields had been imprisoned behind walls of round stones. Across one a young girl walked, two big watering cans lashed to a pole across her shoulders. Bare-footed, she wore blue cotton trousers and padded jacket, and a wide straw hat. A cloth hid all her face beneath the eyes, not from modesty or rule of religion, but because Chinese girls are as anxious to avoid a sun-tan as our girls are to acquire one. Upon the rocky ridge behind her open stone vaults guarded the bones of her ancestors, turned out of the fields by the irreverent blade of the plough, gathered together and placed in big urns in a special order dictated by a custom of antiquity. 'In the midst of life, we are in death'—so every hillside constantly reminded every field and its tillers.

The soil works hard. From the better fields two, even three, crops of rice are taken every year, and amongst the maturing vegetables, seedlings await their turn. Experts are somewhat alarmed and appeal to the farmer to restrict the use of artificial manures. There seems little cause to worry. When the grandfathers of these farmers came from Fukien and Kiangsi, they brought a veneration for the soil and an unsurpassed skill in its preservation. In stacks in the fields, and in a thousand silage pits, rice straw beds down into rich mulch, green legumes are turned into the soil, the droppings of buffalo, pigs and poultry are spread on the fallow, together with the rich fertilizer that Robert delicately refers to as human humus.

It was tidy-up time in the carriage. Boy-san (the Japanese terms are still used) with broom and tray, swept up the mandarin peelings, the prawn heads, the blue shells of duck eggs. Behind him came the hostess, wiping down the backs of the seats, her young arms smooth and hairless as an apple. She had the serenity and refined prettiness of Chinese girls whose secret lies in perfect teeth and skin. Quick to blush, she nevertheless wore, in the modern fashion, a tight skirt split to the hip bone on each side, a glimpse of silk and lace at the apex drawing the eye upwards like a banner on a pole. Only the passage of a few generations had saved her, one could speculate, from being strangled at birth, female and unwanted; or crippled with bound feet; or smothered, worn out at eighteen, by the madame of some House of Fallen Flowers. For the third time we were hearing, through the amplifying system, Gounod's *Ave Maria*, apparently her only record.

The man next to me, a virtuoso in noise-making, alternately snored, hawked, spat, belched and cleared his throat so recklessly that I feared for his tonsils. He was a businessman, whose mauve and black Siamese silk tie sprouted from beneath his third chin, and fell to his round belly, well lined with duck, with rice, and the succulent white flesh of the sea snake.

The carriage was growing hotter in spite of the fans. Along the corridor an old lady was peeling herself like an onion, stripping off black coat, black cardigan, black jacket, until I wondered if she were black cloth all through like a rag doll. Her hair, drawn into a tight bun, might have been carved in ebony and lacquered over, but her face was softly lined, like a peach in the first stage beyond ripeness. Beside her sat her son, clad in the padded blue jacket of the farmer, his enormous yellow straw hat woven as finely as cloth; adorned with two cherries and a feather it would have sold well in a Sydney salon.

Our girl had brought us each a cold wet towel to wipe our faces. My neighbour, reverent as a communicant, wiped first his cheeks, then his well upholstered neck, his brow, his nostrils and finally, with circular movements like a cat's, his ears both inside and out. Then he settled back to his newspaper, studying especially the advertisements for American movies, the page strewn with corpses, hatchet-faced gangsters shooting it out with the cops, huge bosomed seductresses, gladiators slaughtered under the wheels of chariots. 'The Female Jungle', shrieked the page in English, 'Hot as Passion, Deadly as Death'. The Chinese equivalent sizzled underneath. He studied it carefully, as if it held the key to the mysterious West.

The voice of the stewardess fell upon us from the ceiling, as she announced over the speaker system a stopping place, the village of Kun Minshiao. Here we were invaded by food-sellers, who swarmed round the windows and down the corridor like pirates. Boys carried trays of hard green fruit, the size of walnuts, skewered on sticks like toffee apples, or round fried cylinders, lethal looking, probably some kind of spring roll. There were the inevitable old women with their dishes of duck eggs, floating in water kept hot by the little charcoal brazier, sunk like a flower pot, in the middle. Trade was brisk. There were great red prawns, piping hot, smoked squid for the gourmet, shellfish like pipis, but black, bags of peanuts, bananas, mandarins, necklaces of Chinese sausages, even a sandwich, apparently containing a piece of inner tube, offered by an enterprising fellow every one of whose teeth shone with an inlaid panel of silver. But the bell rang, the Station Master sang his song, and the sellers departed like a flock of parakeets. We were on our way again, amongst the now familiar sounds, the snoring of my companion, regular as a metronome; *Ave Maria*, slightly cloying at its twentieth rendering; the gentle chirriping of ducklings carried in a bag by the girl opposite, the tick-tack of the wheels; the munching of the urchins in front of me, chewing their way systematically along sticks of sugar cane, from one end to the other like caterpillars, and gently expectorating the brown pulp over the back of the seat onto my trousers.

Nature may have made this the Island Beautiful, but Urban Man has tried to frustrate her. Towns of grey concrete and weathered wood, flung down over the green countryside like mud pies. Paintless shops and dwellings, lying around in untidy heaps as if fallen from a truck passing along the highway. Men were building a new cement factory, a great grey mausoleum. One stood alongside the line, waving to us, making water into a ditch. One young plasterer had a girl for his labourer, and as she held up the pallet of cement they both laughed. Romance was blossoming across the mortar. A textile factory had burst at the seams, and streams of girls were pouring out, some to the Company dormitories, some to their homes in the fields.

We seemed to be passing through everybody's backyards. There were little intimate scenes of domesticity—a woman suckling her child in the sun, a buffalo ecstatically rubbing its great back against the pillar of a little red-bannered shrine, a woman angrily throwing stones at one of those tall multi-coloured roosters that one sees only in children's books. It faced her defiantly, crowing in Chinese.

The road skirting the railway line was lined with gum trees planted during the Japanese occupation. Traffic was heavy. Trucks charged at ox-carts in a perpetual game of chicken. Bicycles carried great wicker baskets of ducks, fowls and geese; impatient little three-wheeled wagons nagged at them. A funeral wound its tortuous way, the dead woman's photograph on the coffin, mourners white garbed and hooded. A solemn old woman rode pillion on her son's motor cycle. The road was a tapestry of China on the move.

A young student approached me with a copy of the *Reader's Digest*, asking my help with his English. 'The Toastmaster called on the guests to charge their glasses . . .' 'Why,' he asked, 'would they have toast at a banquet, and why in glasses?' I did my best, and he went back to his friends, blushing at his own audacity.

We passed through fields devastated by recent floods, strewn with sand, trees, twisted bridges and millions of round stones flung down like grapeshot from the triumphant mountains. With spades, hoes and their bare hands men and women were digging the boulders out of the silt, filling baskets, forming themselves into long serpentine lines, building stone walls and redoubts against the next deluge. A few bulldozers rooted and nuzzled in the sand like pigs.

We were edging our way into the flanks of the mountains. The paddy-fields, square green tiles laid out on the floor of the valley, gave way to dry fields crossed by rows of pineapples and bananas. Taiwan had hunched its back into a great central mountain, thickly covered with fir forest, stripped off in patches and laid out in plantations of tea bushes, amongst which women pickers were strewn like coloured beads. The thirst of the plains is insatiable, and from new dams the captive water flows downwards towards the sea, first in tunnels and broad canals, then branching into ditches, then trickling along the fine capilliaries that lead into the fields, its pulse measured by a thousand water meters, resting awhile in each field then, finding the tiny gap in the earthen wall, flowing on.

People were beginning to gather themselves together in the carriage. The hostess collected the newspapers. Boy-san the tea glasses. The girl with the ducklings applied red lipstick. It was slightly the wrong colour—she had forgotten that the girl in the Western magazine had a different skin.

A twelve-year-old boy slung his baby brother on his back. Gounod had fallen silent at last. My neighbour, solicitous for my welfare, examined my ticket with care. He nodded, satisfied

that he had delivered me safely. I began my anxious routine check—passport, wallet, Health Certificate, the Tentative Schedule.

Through the amplifier our girl delivered her last message, rapid and urgent, like a Morse Code signal. What was she saying? 'The Commissioner 'opes you have had a pleasant journey. . . .'?

Outside the station twenty pedicab boys gathered to inspect the next of Robert's bilingual notes.

'Please deliver me to Railway Hotel, fare NTD 10.'

It was read aloud, in English and Chinese, by a boy whose long hair and deep black eyes made him look like a consumptive poet. Five minutes of furious pedalling and bell ringing and I was delivered safely to the brand new Hotel. There I met and dined with the least likely person in the world, Prince Peter of Greece, a cousin of the Duke of Edinburgh, who had come to study the art treasures in the National Museum.

Next day, with Taichung—the City of the Centre—as headquarters, I set off alone to explore the Island, roaming down country roads, walking into the fields to watch the peasant families ploughing or planting out the rice seedlings, wandering through the streets of the towns, with their fascinating shops; the book shops, crowded with avidly reading young people; the food shops with their great bags of rice, barrels of salted prawns, and dried fish hanging in long rows like festoons of ribbons; the apothecaries whose nostrums ranged from vitamin pills to preserved sea horses. Everywhere I found the warm hospitality of the Chinese people, who love life themselves and like to see others share in their enjoyment.

Kenneth Gee

AUSTRALIAN NATURE HANDBOOKS

Jacaranda Press are publishing a Pocket Guide series on Australian Natural Sciences. These strong little books, moderately priced at 12s. 6d. are by leading specialists in their field. Allen Keast deals with *Bush Birds*; Don McMichael with *Shells of the Seashore*; Gilbert Whitley with *Freshwater Fishes*; David McPhee with *Snakes and Lizards*.

RURAL SONG

Noel Macainsh

Man works upon the earth
The earth works upon man
The earth begins to flower
The flower is a man

In time the fruit is gathered
It gathers up the man
The man who was a flower
Goes back where he began

In time the seed is planted
It grows up with the man
His children take the harvest
They gather up the man

In time the fruit is gathered
It gathers up the man
The man who was a flower
Goes back where he began.

MODERN AUSTRALIAN DRAMA

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW

Irene Gronowski

A PROFESSIONAL critic no doubt strives for objectivity in his judgments, even if he rarely succeeds. My comments on modern Australian drama do not even pretend to complete objectivity. As a newcomer I cannot help looking at Australian productions in the perspective of modern drama as I know it. Observation from this point of view is not likely to be quite fair to Australian drama. This drama lives in the present and the future: it has no past, no history and tradition to stand on. One cannot expect from a young Australian playwright the same kind of mentality, the same attitude towards life and people, the same sophistication as one finds in Anouilh, Sartre or Montherlant. Nor on the other hand are Australian writers perfectly free to choose under which influence they are going to fall—because they *must* be influenced by something written before: this world is already too old, and we are all more or less conditioned to be what we are.

The tendency to affirm itself in its peculiarly Australian characteristics which we witness in the Australian drama of recent years is understandable and natural enough, even if it seems somewhat childish at times. Doubtless everybody realizes that artificial incubation cannot be applied to everything; that in cultural life old things are often better than new, as with wine. But this knowledge is of no avail to those who are in a hurry to create their own national theatre. And it is not this eagerness itself which can harm the development of Australian drama; the danger lies rather in well-meaning attempts to direct the prospective writers, to tell them what they should write about. The directing pressure exerted in Communist countries has of course been much stronger and its reasons totally different—but the harm done by any such restrictions is not to be underestimated. For example, the London *Observer* laid down as one of the conditions for the competition it conducted that the action of the plays must take place in the present. This is a serious limitation of artistic freedom. Who knows if this condition did not prevent from participation some budding genius, who had in mind an outstanding play situated in the past, or the future? Talents are scarce, and one should not take any unnecessary risk with them. Admittedly, there are

ways and means of evading such rules. One of the plays rewarded in this competition, *The Resounding Tinkle*, by N.F.Simpson is situated, if anywhere, in the future. The writer does not mention any dates or historical names, and you cannot prove it is not a contemporary play. We also know that genius will always find its way. But genius is even more scarce than talent.

In Australia the tendency is towards plays on Australian themes and problems, contemporary problems preferably. This is something which could come about in a natural way, and is not improved by official or other forms of pressure. The greatest French playwrights choose morals, religion, philosophy, Communism, heroism, fear and so on as their themes. Many try re-writing Greek tragedies (about Antigone, Eurydice, Orpheus, Medea, Amphitryon) and they still write great plays, translated and staged abroad and unmistakably French in their texture and spirit.

But let us forget these restrictions, which are not very severe anyway. Let us presume that an Australian playwright has complete freedom as to the choice of subject. What kind of play does he write?

We have great drama if a real poet can write well for the stage. There were periods in history when great poets have written drama—and these were the 'golden ages' of the theatre. Generally in Europe we can see the end of the strictly realistic theatre, which had its days of glory without ever becoming a 'golden age'. Ibsen, still very popular in England, was its father and about the only real talent. This theatre born of social injustice and suffering fulfilled its aim and won its war against the hypocrisy, greed, cruelty or indifference of the rich and privileged towards the poor and handicapped. But even Ibsen used his social conflicts rather as an additional theme, and his main theme was the individual, his reponsibility to others, his psychological complications and problems. In this lies Ibsen's greatness, because there is no true art without universality, without the ever-important themes of love, hatred, vengeance, cowardice, sacrifice, pride or longing for power. These universal themes move us throughout the centuries from Sophocles, Shakespeare and Molière to Ibsen and Anouilh. Wherever the action takes place, whatever the language of the plays, they are about man as he is and always was—proud, greedy, cruel, capable of all sorts of vile or beautiful emotions, often hating and killing what he loves the most. This universality is, in my opinion, the first and the main condition for a great play, a play which can be understood and appreciated in all civilized

countries and can stay in the repertory of the theatre for years – if not ages—to come.

A second condition of a great play is the beauty of its language – and so often, alas, what we call 'dramatic literature' does not deserve the name of literature. Would Shakespeare be what he is, if he had written in the everyday language of his contemporaries? Slang, valuable as a colourful addition, as a bit of 'folklore' giving a play more life and spice, is also a severe limitation. Difficult, and sometimes impossible to translate into other languages without loss of flavour, it cannot be appreciated outside its own country. An Australian play written in slang might become difficult to understand for Australians themselves in a few years, because slang changes constantly. But, if we must have naturalistic plays with slum characters, they must use the language that is appropriate. At the same time we must put up with the fact that such plays will have a very limited audience and, being a strictly local dish, like kangaroo soup, will have small chance to become part of the international repertoire.

Looking at the Australian plays from this double point of view, of universality of theme and artistic value of form, I cannot help feeling rather disappointed. Almost all of them try to be vividly realistic in every detail, giving us a 'slice of life' which could have been the last word at the time of Zola and Strindberg but which seems hopelessly dated when compared not only with the latest tendencies of Ionesco, Beckett or Genêt, but even with not so recent plays by Giraudoux, Brecht, Sartre or Cocteau. The very noticeable influence of Tennessee Williams, who is no doubt a talented, if obsessed, writer, is doing a lot of harm to contemporary Australian drama. Williams' hysteria, brutality and improbable agglomerations of pathological characters are a bad example for those to follow who do not possess his talent and thus imitate him at his worst.

This 'American' craze seemed still more amazing to me when I found that long before the successes of *The Doll* or *The Shifting Heart* Australia has already had an outstanding playwright, Douglas Stewart. A New Zealander by origin, but settled permanently in this country, which he now considers his own, Douglas Stewart has the advantage of being a poet as well as dramatist. His four plays, *Fire on the Snow*, *Ned Kelly*, *The Golden Lover* and *Shipwreck*, do not seem to have had much influence on younger writers. *Fire on the Snow* is, of course, a radio play, which was instantly recognized as an outstanding work for this medium, and has been broadcast many times here and abroad and set

for school study. I do not intend to analyse this play here, but want only to remind the reader of its non-realism, its purely intellectual and poetic treatment of the theme, which is the tragic Antarctic Expedition of 1910. *Ned Kelly* is a stage play, which, though much more realistic and spectacular, cannot be regarded as a mere theatrical account of the exploits of the famous bandit. It does not try to make a national hero out of him, but rather to help us to understand him as well as those who admired him and those who feared and hated him. It also contains some of the finest examples of Australian poetry which, far from giving the impression of pretence and improbability, blend quite well with the vivid action.

Shipwreck, though interesting as a study of a weak, greedy and sensual man faced with temptations which he cannot resist, and though also studded with beautiful passages of poetic writing, seems to be a failure as a play because of its too heavy, baroque construction and above all because it does not convey an easily grasped idea. If, after reading or seeing a play we wonder what the writer wanted to express, what he was trying to say to us, it can be considered a weakness in the play. I must add that there *is* a main idea: that a man of character is beyond the reach of accidental humiliations and misfortunes, that nothing can really break him or change him, that all wrong done to him leaves him inwardly intact and innocent and proud as before. This I was told by Douglas Stewart himself, but it does not come out clearly when one reads the play.

But the *Golden Lover* is a little gem—so full of wit, so humorous, and at the same time so poetic and unusual in theme and treatment. This play is based on a Maori legend. What a pity it is not performed more often! Recently Douglas Stewart has written a new comedy on Fisher's ghost. Isn't it just what we need here—lovers and ghosts, humour, poetry and fantasy, and down with neurotics? If we decide to leave behind the slums, we are not compelled to go back to the drawing rooms.

The London *Observer* competition in 1956 discovered Richard Beynon's *The Shifting Heart*. The first prize was then given to a play shown recently at the Adelaide Festival of Arts, Errol John's *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*. This drama belongs to the same slum variety as Beynon's *The Shifting Heart*, and it is difficult to say which of the two is a better play. If I was more moved by the Trinidad backyard drama than by the Collingwood one the reason could be just the subtle difference of moods and a certain appeal of the more exotic enviroment and language. But it seems that Errol John, though also using the local dialect and showing

primitive characters, gives them more softness, warmth and poetry, covers their misery and rudeness with light and musical effects, so that compared with his play *The Shifting Heart* looks as hard as nails. In my opinion the main fault of Beynon's play lies in the fact that its author could not—or did not want to—prove his argument without introducing a murder into the plot. I cannot help feeling that in a modern play every corpse on the stage is a sign of the writer's weakness, his inability to cope with the situation. In a social or intellectual drama killing people is the easiest of arguments—and the easiest is rarely the best. I hasten to add that the play was most probably born under the influence of a real-life drama, as shown by its dedication: 'For Mr Leczycki, who need not have died that Christmas'. The sudden change during the second act from light-hearted humour to heavy drama, if not tragedy, is another artistic fault. However much we admire the mixture of humorous and tragic elements in the plays of the great masters—from Shakespeare to Anouilh—this practice requires plenty of tact and good taste, and only very experienced writers can indulge in it without irritating the audience or losing it half-way to the climax. Generally speaking, *The Shifting Heart* is a rather good play. The conflict shown between Italian migrants and 'old' Australians seems much convincing and real than the artificial conflict of the *Piccadilly Bushman.*

But Ray Lawler's first play, the now famous *Doll*, though also slumming very realistically, and though difficult to translate and a bit too 'local' for world-wide appreciation, is in my opinion worth much more than the *Bushman.* In spite of all its exterior 'folklore', all the slum and slang, there is nothing provincial about it: it is a sympathetic handling of a universal theme, that of people who deceive themselves into believing that their life is fuller, more worthwhile and beautiful than it really is until something inevitably shatters their illusions. *The Doll* is therefore a drama which can be very moving and which has something to say. The trouble is that the overdose of naturalism in the treatment, the emphasis on slang and the too realistic performance by the actors, can obscure this true inward meaning of the play. Something of this kind happened in the film made of it. Technically good and well played, in its zeal to show the 'real Australia' it lost something very important but very delicate, a certain tenderness, which could be found in the original play and was its main artistic and emotional value.

Lawler's second play is neither a drama nor a comedy. He proves that he can write for the stage and can manage a drawing-

room play as well as a backyard one. One notes that there is no killing—in either of the plays. The language of this play is plain, correct, everyday language, inoffensive if not beautiful. The theme is an overblown conflict between the Australians and the English. For me personally this picture of deep-rooted antagonism and at times violent hatred was a shocking discovery. Australian friends told me that this conflict really exists, but is not as acute now as in the past. If this is correct, I do not think Lawler was wise to have chosen this theme and revived something which could be dying its natural death. The play could hardly find an understanding public outside Australia and, possibly, England. It is not a kind of drama which would appeal to everybody. The main character's unfounded hatred towards his own country, where he was born and spent twenty-odd years of his early life, seems improbable, indeed monstrous. His unhappy wife, whose tormented soul seeks comfort in drink and casual romance, is a highly hysterical person evidently borrowed from Tennesee Williams. The comical pair of snobs is supposed to bring some humour and satire into the otherwise seedy melodrama, and the only 'positive' character, the rough, tough and badly dressed fair-dinkum Australian writer, does not inspire enough confidence and enthusiasm.

Last year gave us two not very successful Australian premières—*The Slaughter of St Teresa Day* by Peter Kenna, and *The Bastard Country* by J.A.Coburn. Both these plays abound in violent and stormy scenes, so beloved by the young dramatists of this country. They were probably written under double influence, of Lawler and of American writers. *The Slaughter* is the better play of the two, which does not mean that it is a great play. There are some striking similarities between this drama and *The Doll*. Not only has the symbolic broken doll its counterpart in the smashing of the statue of St Teresa but also, what is more important, the main idea of the play, the unmasking of hypocrisy, the cruel revealing of naked truth about people and life makes *The Slaughter* a close follower of *The Doll*. This main theme is interesting, but its exposition is too clumsy and intricate, and the result is another melodrama with a moral at the end, but one is not sure whether the moral was sufficiently clear to an audience bewildered by so many goings-on.

J.A.Coburn probably had it in mind to write a good, old-fashioned tragedy when writing his *Bastard Country*, but he was aiming too high and the play is rather a blood-thirsty thriller. The theme of vengeance and high-flying passions which he chose needs a dramatist of the scope of Sophocles or Racine, if it is

to be turned into genuine tragedy. Mr Coburn made out of it only a kind of *Force of Destiny* without music.

What are the conclusions? I cannot agree with Lindsey Browne, who in his stimulating article 'To Slum or Not to Slum' (*Australian Theatre Year 1959*) tries to analyse the tendencies of the most recent Australian plays. Lindsey Browne, often so severe as a critic, is rather indulgent towards young writers. He makes a striking remark that the more educated and civilized people are, the less they show their emotions and real feelings, the less sincerely and naturally they behave. This—according to Browne—is the reason why young writers prefer to choose their heroes among the uninhibited workers in slum districts and filthy backyards. Of course there is a lot of truth in this statement. But is it not plain laziness or lack of talent to look for ready-made drama, obvious and served—so to say—hot on the plate?

A few good quarrels, a dozen slang words, a fight, an intentional or accidental killing—and here is a drama, almost ready for the stage, with dustbins and crumbling fence thrown in as realistic scenery. Can anybody seriously maintain that people wearing clean shirts and pronouncing their aitches go through life without emotional conflicts and problems? They can have as many of them as the others—and more, because on top of the usual human lot of more primitive passions, which are not alien to them, they trouble their heads about things which often seem unimportant or silly to their less complicated brothers, but which for them are vital questions and dilemmas. These ideological, political, moral or artistic problems can be a matter of life and death to them, not only figuratively speaking. What is more, these highly civilized people often suffer more because they are more conscious of their own psychological abnormalities and sensitivities. It is no doubt more difficult to *show* these dramas on stage, where there is no time slowly to develop characters and suitable atmosphere, as is possible in a novel. But trying to escape these difficulties does not solve the problem. Intellectual activity and conflict can be—and is, in some countries—regarded as a really exciting thing. There seems to be in Australia a certain reluctance in the face of anything which calls for mental effort—in the writer as well as in the audience. Unlike exercise of the body, exercise of the mind is something to be avoided at any price. This is a dangerous attitude for the public and also for the artist, who tends to give people what they want—easy to digest, light entertainment or sensational, gripping thrillers. A playwright who will make his Australian public think hard—and enjoy it—will be a worthy and talented writer indeed, and,

in spite of everything, I believe he will come soon. The time is ripe for him; present-day crude realism has had its say and cannot linger much longer on our stage.

Let me quote here two opinions worthy of respect. The American critic Alfred Kazin, commenting on Tennessee Williams and his imitators, said (*Time*, 6 June, 1960): 'I went to the theatre to discover another world, the true world of imagination, but I saw only my bad world, coarsely admired. . . . How rarely on the stage do you see people who think thoughts, who make political decisions, who are not asking merely to be loved. If the theatre is a mirror to our society, then the only revolutionary act left in American life is to be a thinker.' And again he said, addressing himself to these writers: 'The one thing you cannot do is think, i.e. to build on your private definition of the world, and so to enjoy what Thomas Mann called the "wealth of the mind"—that which makes a writer feel that he has a world in his hand.'

The second opinion is that of the famous French film director, Jean Renoir (*Film and Filming*, June, 1960): 'I distrust modern realism. It seems to me under the pretext of showing reality to stick to one side of reality—the dark side. The truth is that only a poetic interpretation of reality can lead an audience to discover the truth.'

Irene Gronowski

WRITERS AND CRITICS

Under the editorship of Professor A. Norman Jeffares, Oliver and Boyd are publishing a series of small paperback books by well-known critics on leading modern writers. The first four titles are G.S.Fraser's *Ezra Pound*, D.W. Jefferson's *Henry James*, J.M.Cohen's *Robert Graves*, and Frank Kermode's *Wallace Stevens*. Other authors who will be the subject of books in the same series are Sartre, Faulkner, Hemingway, and Brecht.

CHANGE AND FRUSTRATION IN THE TORRES STRAITS

W.G.L.Imms

THE Barrier Reef, the Torres Straits, and Thursday Island are part of the 'romantic' history of our country. What ideas come to mind? Pearls? Captain Cook? The mutiny on the *Bounty*? Cannibals? Not so long ago, these Islanders, descendants of the Melanesian people, wore bones through their noses and cheeks, and were apparelled in paradise-bird plumage. They raided each other's islands, and unprotected ships. Carrying the victims back to their own Island they would, in the terrible dance of Death, club a victim with the mighty Gaba-Gaba, rip his throat with the Upi Knife, pull the victim's head off the body by means of the Singai Loop, all to the frenzied shouts of the village people thronged round the Zogo House for yet another blood bath.

Getai and Kudub were very old. Sitting at the door of their new timber-built, iron-roofed house, they were talking over the news that had come from the Island storekeeper, that the Government pension had come through for them, and so now in their old age they would not want. Yes. Times had changed for them.

It was the end of June and in a day or two, on the first of July, it would be once again the Feast of the Coming of the Light. 'How many first of July's have you seen, Getai?' said Kudub pensively. 'It is now sixty, Baba,' replied his wife, 'for my mother remembered the day itself when them six South Sea Islanders came for to make we Christian.'

The Islanders are not slaves to time as we are. Time is not measured so much in hours and minutes as it is by seasons or years. For them 1 July, 1875, was the dawn of a new life. They received on that day the first missionaries of the Christian gospel, and on Darnley Island you may find a stone which records the fact and marks the spot where the Samoan apostles of Christ landed. On 1 July the Eastern Islands especially pageant the occasion, and recall how the Cross has for ever banished fear and the hideousness of a blood-splashed life. The London Missionary Society then sent its white teachers; but in 1915 they handed over the spiritual care of the Islands to the Anglican Diocese of Carpentaria.

The Festival over, the Feast had been eaten, and the dancing

had continued through much of the night. Now the people were gathered on the beach to unload a fresh supply of stores. The *Melbidir* had arrived, bringing sugar and rice, kerosene, tinned foods and, above all, tobacco. Years before, a missionary had started on Badu Island the Papuan Industries Board, a co-operative venture. Still retaining some of its old tradition, it is now the Island Industries Board, fostered by the Department of Native Affairs.

Kudub, in spite of, or because of, his age still a respected Councillor, turned to the Island Chairman. 'How long we have these white people to run our store and our Island? They tell us we not able to do this thing.' 'Maybe not yet we couldn't!' replied Matty the Chairman. 'But if they give us a chance, well, then. . . .' He thought of the many meetings with Parliament men, with the Native Affairs officials, in their own Councils. 'They don't mean what they say, these white people. They come to T.I., they visit an Island or two, they call us to conference, they listen to what we tell them; they promise us this thing, that thing, but it's no good.' It was a long speech for Matty. He sighed. White man's politics had nearly defeated him.

They defeat any of us who feel for these Islanders. Parliamentary Commissions come up and hear a lot of evidence. Where does it go? How can an Islander understand the vagaries of Government working? Matty and Kudub and others had been told time after time of the need of education, of the need of industries on the Islands, of the need of instruction in how to grow their vegetables, or to manage their store. They were too old to profit much. But their children! In T.I. some could reach scholarship standard, they could go south, perhaps to High School. But on the islands, what? Five white schoolteachers on fifteen islands. 'Not enough,' said the Parliamentarians, 'you must have a teachers' training college.' This promise is an old one. Too old. Forgotten?

But the children are growing into men and women. Where is the technical school also? Another vain promise? On T.I. some, who did not work on the luggers gathering the harvest of oyster pearl shell, might find work as carpenters or as car mechanics. Matty and Kudub know that the Islands cannot be prosperous until skilled tradesmen are available to build their houses, to maintain their engines. The islands are their homes. They know that the Government should send more teachers, agriculturalists, builders and the like to train them. They want to tap the resources of the land and of the sea. They know that the pearly is not wanted so much nowadays, and that some of their luggers

are laid up. And they know moreover that if their children do not get education and training in trades they will never get the opportunity to manage their own affairs.

These two, like others, express their thoughts in such manner. Some things for them were better, for their women now received Child Endowment, and their old people the pension, and slowly houses were being built, water supplies were bettered, and even some nights they could see a film or two on the portable projector from Thursday Island.

Kudub left the Chairman, who would go to see to the arrangements for the departure of the *Melbidir*. He had some sick men and pregnant women who were to return on the boat to the T.I. hospital.

Kudub ran down to the beach and boarded his dinghy. His spears were always ready, and he rowed to the edge of the reef now being covered by the incoming tide. He would stand waist-deep, and quietly wait for the sardine shoal to come within his striking distance. His many-pronged spear would flash and thus secure him bait for his lines to get the bigger stuff like queen fish or barramundi or salmon.

James was on his lugger ready to sail for T.I. He was Chairman of his Island, senior Churchwarden and skipper of his boat. It was the end of the neap and he had been out for some days while his 'boys' dived for pearl shell. Now with two tons on board and the rigging stacked with the pearly shell meat, drying in the sun and wind, he was off to take his catch for grading and packing, to get more stores and to have his equipment and engines checked.

I happened to meet James in the shopping street when he arrived. 'Well, James, had a good trip?' I greeted him. 'Not bad, not bad,' he said, 'but I must turn round quick and get back to work while the good weather lasts.' As far as I, a landsman, was concerned the weather was always good on T.I. during this time of the year. But for him the SE trades could blow too hard, and make it difficult for him to manage his lugger while the divers were working in the deep waters. 'Think you will do well this year, James?' 'Well, I don't know. Shell price is not so good. Them buyers want better grading, so we get less for what we catch. We can only send away our first class shell. You know what? Costs go up and money grows tighter. No margin any more.' James knew nothing of the theory of economics, but his practical shrewd sense got him through. The pearling industry was in a bad way. Before the war there were over one hundred luggers. After the war, with few luggers

and a demand for shell, prices rose. More luggers came into business until perhaps fifty of them were at work with their Island crews now instead of the pre-war Japs. The oyster beds were well stocked, untouched as they were during the six odd years of the war. All too soon these beds were cleared out, the divers had to go into deeper water, for which they were untrained. Less shell, better prices and, just as the peak price came in, so did the discovery of the plastic button and the turnover of some of the pearlers to Japanese crews. Our Island people would not have minded the slump so much if other work and industries had existed for them.

Again, it was a Feast Day. Not a Church festival, but what we call a Tombstone Opening. Its origin I do not know. Island customs can be the product of a nearly forgotten past. But the Feast is a great occasion. The tombstone, erected often years after the death of the one it commemorates, is swathed, completely shrouded, in cloths of all colours. A special service of unveiling is said by the priest. From the boundary edge of the cemetery come the Cross and candles and the priest and people, singing one of their own Island hymns as they go. The grave is reached and the stone is blessed; the cloths are unwound to the singing of another hymn, and then a near male relative of the deceased gives often a long panegyric. The procession returns. We go to the place of the feast. We wait. Interminable hours we wait.

Then all is ready. We go to our places and sit strictly in the order of seniority or importance—how this is worked out I have never been able to tell—and the grace is said. We are helped to the most generous portions of chicken and pig, turtle or the sea dugong, fish and crayfish. All goes together, we pile on the rice and the famous savi-savi. A feast, most definitely a feast. We go back for more savi-savi for none can cook this save the Islanders; this stew of mixed vegetables, cooked in coconut milk, wrapped in banana leaves and then cooked on hot stones under a covering of ash and earth. Sweets and cakes and lollies are brought; we drink our hot soft-drink and perhaps cold tea, but who cares? As we finish we murmur our *esso*, the Island word of thanks, we are cheered for coming, and we make way for the multitude that still needs to be fed.

Again we wait, it grows dark. We exhaust our conversation one with another, and then in the far distance come the dancers. One by one, lit by the glow of the pressure lamps, they file into the enclosure opposite us, and then with the song of the women and the irrestible beat of the drum, the dancers range

themselves in open-rank formation, and so their excellent stamp dances begin.

The dances tell of the sea and of their Island, the singing and the drums moving in perfect rhythm as the tale unfolds. Team after team of the dancers come in: we are bemused with dance and beat and vibrating chant.

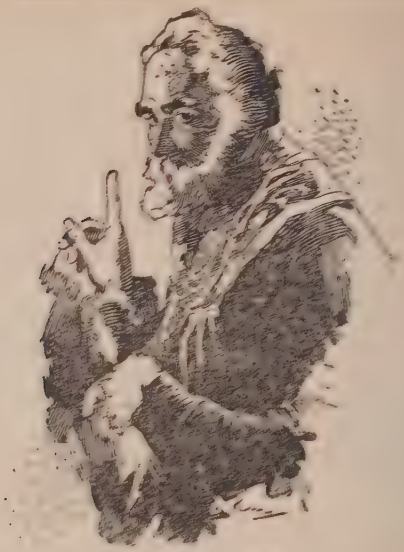
We are back again on Thursday Island. There has been a Churchwardens' Conference; some sixty or seventy men are here to talk with their Bishop of their problems. Most of them are also Island Chairmen and Councillors, and the problems of Church and State often overlap. The meeting is over for this one day, and the wardens break off into groups. Matty and James and Kudub are there and are joined by Ezekiel from the Western Island group. 'So we tell Lord Bishop once again of this bad thing,' he says, referring to the growing practice of metho drinking by the young men of the Islands. 'Each year we talk about this, each Synod talks about this. "It is wrong" he say. "It is wrong" we say.' There is a subdued murmur of approval, for these men feel deeply about this curse.

Alone in practically the whole world, the Islanders and Aborigines of Australia are denied the right by law to some alcoholic drink. Metho is sold on T.I. and the more moral of the traders will not supply it to Islanders. But since ethical values and profiteering are not related, the Islander can find his metho only too easily.

Surely, the Islander says, cannot we have some drink and stop this sale of metho? Is it beyond the wit of the white man and politicians to prohibit the sale except under licence and with permits? Wouldn't it be fair to let the Islander have some other drink even if in a modified or less strong form? And so the argument goes on. It is daily talk on T.I. But for the Islander this cry for freedom to drink goes hand in hand with his cry for freedom. He could, given the chance, be as capable of running his own affairs as his brothers of the Solomons or the people in the far-off African states. Education is denied him. He cannot progress. He is powerless to act for himself, shackled as he is by the Torres Strait Islands Act, which denies him liberty to move where he wills, denies him the right of ownership of his own lands, and even denies him the right to spend his own money as and where he would.

Kubud, sitting on his island under the palm trees, often thinks of these things, and well may he turn to Getai his wife and say: 'They treat us up here like they do them black fellas in South Africa.'

W.G.L.Imms



"Neither a borrower nor a lender be . . ."

Such was the advice of Polonius who, in happier circumstances, might have been Hamlet's father-in-law. But no one with the slightest understanding of modern economics would expect this maxim to be heeded to-day.

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THOMAS OHM:
Asia Looks at Western Christianity
Nelson. London. 25s. 0d.

After reading Father Ohm's book *Asia Looks at Western Christianity* one is inclined to feel rather dazed. The book spreads itself too far and what it gains by breadth it loses in depth. Father Ohm moves across the territory of the Hindus, Buddhists, Confucians, Taoists and Shintoists until the reader is lost in a whirl of generalities.

This book is primarily an appeal to Western Christianity to open its ears to Asian evaluations, to accept what is true of Asian criticism, to welcome the light which Asia can cast upon Christian doctrine yet to stand firmly by dogma, to reaffirm the supra-mundane nature of the Christian religion and to continue, with renewed charity, the mission of the Church to the nations of the Orient. On the whole one is able to sympathize with this overall purpose but is disappointed that the approach which Father Ohm chose to use is lacking in impact.

Admittedly it did not come within the scope of Father Ohm's intention to analyse a particular oriental tradition in detail and consequently to present Asian evaluations of Western Christianity as they spring from that tradition. His aim was to generalize. However, one may doubt the value of such an aim for the following reason: it does not present an adequate method for the understanding of Asian attitudes. One is inclined to think that the only work of much value would be that which attempted to conduct a precise analysis of a particular tradition, say the Buddhist or Hindu, showing how far its evaluations were rooted in its own basic conceptions, or how far such evaluations were the result of a corruption of the tradition, or how far Christianity was evaluated adversely because of a presentation of it out of sympathy with the culture being missionized.

With notable exceptions, in past and recent times, a Western lack of sympathy for Asian religious ideas has blatantly been the case. This lack of sympathy has led to a failure to seek analogies through which Christian positions could be clarified to Asians. For example Christian eschatology could conceivably be explained to a Hindu in terms of Kali Yuga (the chaotic end of a cycle and the ensuing re-integration). The difference between the two is that whereas the Christian end is final, the Hindu cycle closes to re-open itself again and again. Primarily, this is the difference between a loving, mysterious God who restores all in Himself and a fertile absolute which re-expresses itself from epoch to epoch. The advantage of drawing such parallels, wherever possible is, in the most pessimistic view, that a rejection of a Christian position would be the result of its being comprehended and not of its being misunderstood. It would portray the level of the disagreement.

Father Ohm does speak of the level on which 'the main conflict and final decision' is to come, yet he does not indicate, with any emphasis, how to arrive at this level. Though he desires a synthesis, as far as there is any possibility of it (Asian thought 'may lead to new definitions of Christian doctrine') Father Ohm does not elaborate a satisfactory method of synthesis.

Obviously a synthesis will not even begin unless Western Christians radically alter their perspective of Asia and this Father Ohm rightly affirms. A suitable change of perspective, which can only come with a change of spirit, would certainly tend to ameliorate the misconceptions of Asians insofar as they stem from a Western Christian failure to live theology at depth, that is to live a supra-cultural religion creatively within a Western cultural environment. However this is only one side of the problem.

An Asian attitude has a relation to the specific culture to which the holders of the attitude belong and cannot be satisfactorily understood outside of this relationship. Unless this understanding is attempted at depth generalizations of Father Ohm's kind run the risk of being simplified to the point of falsity. When it is a matter of adverse attitudes (as it is so often in this book) surely the reason for making others aware is to generate action of a remedial kind, which means not only to proffer problems but to indicate strongly and precisely the complexity of their solutions. And since this book seems to be aimed at persons with very little specialized knowledge of Asia, one would not only expect the author to give more guidance than he does in these matters but one would insist upon it.

Jeremy Nelson

TAMAS ACZEL and TIBOR MERAY:
The Revolt of the Mind
Praeger. New York.

JOZSEF KOVAG:
You Are All Alone
Praeger. New York. $6.00.

We have all heard by now some form of the Bertrand Russell-Sidney Hook dialogue, with the question: is it better to accept Communist rule than to risk nuclear war? But it is possible to listen to the debate, even to take one side or the other, with a closed imagination, so that neither 'nuclear war' nor 'Communist rule' ever seems more than a phrase, or perhaps a slogan. For this reason, if for no other, it is valuable to have the many accounts of what it is like to live in a Communist state.

One of these, *The Revolt of the Mind*, describes the growth of resistance among the young Communist intellectuals in Hungary before the revolution. The authors, Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray, were both successful young writers. Their disillusionment with the Rakosi regime was not due to any lack of recognition of their talents. Tamas Aczel was awarded the Kossuth Prize at the age of twenty-eight, and he was one of the first Hungarians to be awarded the Stalin Prize. Tibor Meray, another Kossuth Prize winner, was party secretary of the Hungarian Writers' Association.

Among many such incidents, they tell the story of the official attack on Tibor Dery's novel, *The Answer*, for its 'anti-party tendencies' and its 'petty-bourgeois moralising'. Jozsef Revai, the Hungarian Minister for Culture, declared that what made Dery's novel so dangerous was its high literary level. Its main fault was that it painted the Communist Party of the thirties in too unattractive a light. Revai also criticized the scene in which the hero, a Party member, makes 'a senseless sacrifice, out of personal loyalty' in giving himself up to the police when some Communist tracts which he had left in his godfather's flat were found, and the old man was arrested. A Party member, the Minister for Culture said, would have considered his own usefulness to the Party first of all. A novelist who made one of his characters behave in this way was guilty of violating 'socialist truth'.

The authors describe the reaction in Hungary to Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin at the Twentieth Congress. In the summer that followed, they took full advantage of the possibilities for freedom of expression which seemed to have opened for them.

Gyula Hay, who was imprisoned until recently for his part in the revolution, was speaking for all the writers when he claimed the right 'to tell the truth without restrictions; to criticize everybody and everything; to be sad, to be in love, to think of death; not to wonder whether a work contains "positive" and "negative" elements in the prescribed proportions; to believe or

disbelieve in the omnipotence of God; to doubt the accuracy of certain statistics or plans. . . .'

The book gives a good outline of the part of the writers and of the Petöfi Circle in bringing about the dismissal of Rakosi. It closes at the outbreak of the revolution on 23 October, 1956, when the crowd overturned the giant statue of Stalin in the City Park, leaving behind only the immense boots on the marble pedestal.

The authors of *The Revolt of the Mind* were Communists; Jozsef Kovago, the author of *You Are All Alone*, was not. They were praised and pampered by the Communist regime; Kovago spent six years in prison. Yet the picture given in both books, of the cruelty and dishonesty of the Communist state, is essentially the same.

Kovago, a former Mayor of Budapest, and a leader of the Small-holders' Party, gives an account of his years in prison which is all the more horrifying for its matter-of-fact acceptance of starvation and torture, solitude and boredom. He does not recreate his experience with the depth and imaginative power of George Paloczi-Horvath or Paul Ignotus, whose books, *The Undefeated* and *Political Prisoner*, are in many ways parallel with this work. But *You Are All Alone* is an honest and moving book. The last chapters, in which Kovago describes the crushing of the rebellion by Soviet troops, should be kept in mind by anyone who reads, as Isaac Deutscher's latest work, of the 'civil war' in Hungary in 1956.

Brenda Niall

. A. SIMPSON:
The Walk along the Beach
dwards & Shaw. Sydney. 12s. 6d.

This is not a walk on the wild side along any wilder shores than St ilda's. But certainly it is a walk; ardly anywhere does Pegasus get s careful feet off the ground.

Mr Simpson has published widely in Australia, and overseas as well. The poems that we see here for the first time are on the whole less good than those previously published. Moreover these are poems which read better singly than seriatim. In other words Mr Simpson's reputation may not be much enhanced by this publication of a book of poems in which the peculiarities and the lack of fire and grace cannot pass unnoticed.

Of the peculiarities none is stranger than the effect these poems give of being spelled out. Syntax is clumsily simple; statements are over-explicit; diction is astonishingly monosyllabic. The following extract illustrates this non-flow quality:

Though two men brimmed with facts all that was said
Spilled like dull wine that overflowed a brink
Of glass, and soon was gone. So each grey head
Did not clear words from smoke and say what he could think.

Mr Simpson may sometimes have been unable to evade the demands of metre and rhyme, but I presume that he writes like this deliberately, wishing to transcend words, to avoid the rhetorical ('A poem should be wordless as the flight of birds'), or trying for effects of limpidity or simplicity. If so, he has been successful only in giving the impression that it is in these directions he would like to succeed.

A good sign in this book is the poet's interest in metrical and stanzaic forms. If he would use the normal ellipses of poetic syntax and at the same time write more flowingly his metrical experiments and his frequent enjambment would show to greater advantage. His sestina, for example, is interesting but hardly memorable.

Like many other moderns, Mr Simpson relies too much on clever imagery. The image of 'The Knot' illustrates its subject, but in such

INFORMATION BULLETIN

The editors of Soviet Survey and China Quarterly wish to inform you of a new publication planned for 1961 at Summit House, Upper Regent Street, London. (Summit House, may we add, is so named by pure coincidence.)

Survey and the Quarterly have emerged as the leading and most authoritative journals published in English in their field, and their circulation has increased accordingly. The two magazines contain solid and comprehensive articles, but can give little space to analysis and comment on strictly current affairs.

Some time ago we therefore began to publish an information bulletin on current affairs, which was circulated amongst a few dozen friends, diplomats, leading newspapermen, etc. Now we have decided to bring out Information Bulletin regularly and make it accessible to a wider circle. It will be reliable, and will contain important information not given anywhere else.

The subscription will be £A6/7/6 a year. Write to us to say you wish to subscribe but do not enclose a cheque—you will be billed when publication starts. The address is Summit House, 1-2 Langham Place, London, W.1.

poems as 'The Retreat' and 'Wife' the ostensible subject is only the occasion for an elaborate image. There is also a rather gimmicky use of the transferred epithet, 'nuns who rattle pious trays', and the transferred image, 'And as I leave that hall and house, their lives/Recede like corridors'.

The recurrent image of eyes, staring or peering into light or darkness or other eyes, points to the dominant theme of these poems, the reality of 'the frail, essential bread of self'. The poet 'cannot resign all gods' nor yet see beyond the dark of death. Nor, apparently, can he find any firmer support than the reality of subjective experience. Perhaps on such time-worn topics only a do-it-yourself metaphysics can seem fresh. But perhaps when Mr Simpson has assimilated more of Europe than these poems show he will find other topics capable of stimulating his richer mind.

D.C.Muecke

DONALD MCLEAN:
The Roaring Days
Macmillan. London. 20s. 0d.

In this collection of racy outback stories Donald McLean gives us a somewhat disjointed saga of three generations—his grandfather, his father and himself. His father's fireside yarns, which form the major part of the book, describe the prospectors and pioneers of the Australian equivalent of the Wild West—the New South Wales outback of the Nineties. They prospect for gold and opals and, towards the end of the book, uranium: they gamble, drink, hide from the police, and fight each other or help each other with a glorious lack of discrimination. Men are men, and if at times they seem a little thick-headed (as when a tribe of aborigines is wiped out because no one thought they might be more susceptible to disease than whites), well, that is perhaps inevitable in Milparinka and Tibooburra at the turn of the century.

The connections between the stories are tenuous, and though the same characters reappear the thread is sometimes almost lost. But this is the fault of the saga-form, and individually each tale has a gusto and enthusiasm which carries the reader along with it.

The chief fault is perhaps overemphasis of an aggressive Australianism. Mateship was a religion in those pioneering days, we are told, and this may well be true. But McLean suggests that it is still the basis of the Australian character, and when he returns to Milparinka neither mechanization nor security on the land seems to have affected the 'nobility of men in unexpected places and situations'. It is hard to believe that a tradition formed in the Roaring Nineties can persist now that the hardship and adversity that gave it birth have disappeared. The third generation, Mr McLean's contemporaries, have become landed gentry with wives and families.

There is surely no longer the need for a mate when the country is no longer lawless: can the tradition linger when the cause disappeared so long ago? Perhaps the main survival, as one of the characters points out, is that Australian men are still non-practising homosexuals.

But it is hard to be critical when *The Roaring Days* is so obviously intended to be no more than a good-humoured bedside book. The stories are pleasant and eminently readable. Should one ask for more?

Chris Masterman

JACK LINDSAY:
The Roaring Twenties
The Bodley Head. London. 31s. 0d.

This is a melancholy book. The young man whose emotional and intellectual strivings it dissects is a rather ghostly figure behind the adamant front he presented in the Sydney of the early

'twenties to fauns and ladies, impoverished patrons of Mockbells, doll-like girls with China blue eyes, his admiring brothers, and to father Norman, the tyrant of Springwood. Although *The Roaring Twenties* is the second volume of an autobiography, the effect is not of a man writing about himself but of a young man dead these many years; and that is perhaps because the ardently questing Jack Lindsay of the *Vision* period so little resembles the Jack Lindsay of today. His friends of the period—Kenneth Slessor, Hugh McCrae, Elioth Gruner —are vividly and lovingly drawn. So are Ray and Phil Lindsay. But the young Jack Lindsay almost vanishes in his own confusions.

In 1921, in his twenty-first year, Jack Lindsay, in a mood of high contempt for a money-grubbing world, descended upon Sydney to lead a Renascence in Poetry. A hard, gem-like flame had been kindled in his bosom by father Norman, whose startling essay in philosophy, 'Creative Effort', bewildered most of the few who read it but gave Jack Lindsay a pattern and a purpose. Sydney of the day and the writers in it were unprepared both for the missionary zeal of the Lindsays and the Message: 'our view of the romantic sensibility of the artist passively submitting to Life (specifically visualised as a woman, Madame Life) and recovering his active dominance only as an artist, giving birth to the creative image'.

Elucidating, Jack Lindsay tells us that 'earth was a battleground, a point of reduction below which lay chaos and hell, and which provided the basis above which lay the dimensions where the art-image was the free organising factor'. One gathers that brothers Phil and Ray, both youngsters, found it difficult to follow the passionate Jack into the philosophical maze devised by the lonely and frustrated artist in Springwood. Indeed, doubts soon found expression in Jack Lindsay's own troubled mind. 'Above all,' he comments, 'I now find the concentration on sexual imagery to be fatiguing and unnecessarily narrow.'

The Lindsay Renascence was brief and the *Vision* was not as splendid as its promoters had contemplated. The first issue of *Vision* appeared in May 1923 with a faun leaping after the butterfly psyche on its cover and the same year saw a *Vision* anthology, *Poetry in Australia*, with a preface written by Norman Lindsay. It contained some charming verse and, outside the close circle of the Cult, drew in poets like Brennan and Shaw Nielson. The mature Slessor did not emerge until later when 'Five Bells' revealed his escape from the peculiar Lindsay obsessions.

Looking back, one recognizes in the Lindsay Cult a familiar pattern—a romantic rebellion arising out of injury to morbid vanity. The whole business was subjective, an attempt to symbolize a particular pattern of experience. It was real enough for Jack Lindsay but probably maddening and frightening to a spirit such as Hugh McCrae and no doubt bewildering to other young poets drawn into the net. Nevertheless, the impact of the Lindsays at that time did help to rid verse in Australia of some of its provincialism and reawaken interest in form and technique.

It is instructive to learn that Jack Lindsay did not find it wholly compatible to live out his life according to his theories in those claret-stained days in Woolloomooloo. His approach to Madame Life was outwardly bold, but he lacked some of the assurance of the Great Lover. Dirt and stale air, he confesses, were not his taste. What he disliked were 'the sort of people that went with cleanlier surroundings'. Policemen and the Hotel Australia nauseated him.

Betsy's grog-shop was nearer to the heart's desire.

Edgar Holt

URSULA HOFF:
Charles Conder, His Australian Years
The National Gallery Society of Victoria. Melbourne. 30s. 0d.

This year the Australian galleries and gallery societies have ventured further into publishing than the usual catalogues, picture books and bulletins. Brisbane has published a valuable local history by Vida Lahey, *Art in Queensland 1859-1959*, Sydney has published a lecture by Russell Drysdale and also (with Ure Smith) an Exhibition Book on the same artist. The Drysdale Exhibition Book and Melbourne's book on Conder by Dr Hoff are both very good as well as being valuable. Yet Melbourne for 30s. gives Dr Hoff limp covers, forty-eight pages and twenty-two plates (six in colour), while for 35s. Sydney gives hard covers, sixty-eight pages and thirty-six plates (twelve in colour). Dr Hoff's work and her subject deserved much better treatment. The edition moreover is a timid one thousand copies. It is a great pity that the book could not have been accompanied by an exhibition of the paintings which it catalogues so carefully. Only forty-nine paintings are listed, they are all small, and with the owners already contacted it would have been an extremely easy exhibition to organize. The additional interest might well have permitted a larger edition and worthier book production. It must be stated at once though that the paper and printing are good, and the reproductions excellent. Compare for example the new colour plate of 'The Departure of the SS *Orient*' with that in Currawong's 1954 picture book 'A Gallery of Australian Art' which showed a flat khaki picture very different from the lilac and rose of the sparkling new plate.

The illustrations begin with a confrontation of Julian Ashton's large 'Merri Creek' (1882), claimed by Ashton as Australia's first picture painted in the open air, with Conder's earliest known picture, a minute oil sketch of December, 1886. They share a straightforward realistic approach to landscape and a somewhat low tonality. The next two illustrations are identical views of Coogee Beach painted simultaneously by Tom Roberts and Conder in April, 1888. The choice of this high-keyed subject immediately makes Conder as much of an impressionist as any of these self-styled Australian impressionists were. Yet even this subject is treated decoratively by comparison with Roberts's version and it is worth remembering that in England around 1890 and presumably also in Australia the word impressionism meant Whistler just as much as the French painters. Dr Hoff's text establishes Conder's awareness of Whistler, and her catalogue raisonné lists several Whistlerian rainy street scenes. The exaggeratedly narrow pictures, either upright or horizontal, possibly also derive from Whistler, certainly there is no mention of direct contact with Japanese prints, and figures cut short at the edge of the picture (less successful in 'The Departure of the SS Orient' than in 'How We Lost Poor Flossie') are also avant-garde.

Dr Hoff discounts the influence of Nerli, but the presence in Sydney of this bohemian Italian who also painted rainy street scenes may yet be found important.

One example of Conder's up-to-dateness is not mentioned—his catalogue cover for the 1889 exhibition of '9 x 5 impressions', a proto-art nouveau design described as Walter Crane-ish by one of the artist's biographers. I have stressed the decorative aspects of his work pointed out by Dr Hoff, for after his departure from Australia at the age of twenty-one they became even more important and at all times redeem rather poor draughtsmanship. His sunlit landscapes are less unexpected in Australia, but the combination of youthful freshness with student sophistication makes his Australian

work the most likeable of his career, and gives us some of the most likeable pictures in the history of Australian art. His jokes are sometimes very youthful: the picture titled 'An Early Taste for Literature' shows a calf eating a newspaper, the horizontal toy soldier of a man on the beach at Mentone is a visual joke not perhaps essential to the painting, but engaging nevertheless.

Dr Hoff's text is a joy to read, absolutely lucid, absolutely free of waffle. It is divided into a section on his life, clarifying his movements and friendships, and a section on his art. There are five previously unpublished letters by the artist, four of them to G.V.F.Mann though his initials have been transcribed differently in each letter. Finally there is a catalogue raisonné of all known pictures from his Australian years. Inevitably the existence of this book will bring to light further paintings, but those listed are all in perfect order—their dates established, and their titles corrected. The picture long called 'Springtime Heidelberg', and often exhibited as a key picture of the 'Heidelberg School', turns out to have been painted at Richmond, NSW.

Daniel Thomas

R. W. B. LEWIS:
The Picaresque Saint
Gollancz. London. 34s. 9d.

John Peale Bishop once wrote: 'It is the mark of the true novelist that in searching the meaning of his own unsought experience, he comes on the moral history of his time.' In *The Picaresque Saint* Professor Lewis applies such a critical touchstone to five novelists of our time, and the result is a bold and provocative interpretation of the nature of moral engagement in contemporary fiction.

In a lucid introduction, called 'The Sense of Life', Lewis distinguishes between the literary generations of our century. Joyce, Proust, Mann and Virginia Woolf identify the first generation who, according to Lewis: 'busied themselves with the techniques of language and construction. . . . Art appeared as the supreme consolation . . . [it] was the answer given back by the first generation to the universal pressure of death.' Pointing to the decline of religious values, Lewis states rather than documents his interpretation of this earlier generation. Though controvertible, it is a reading we have had often enough before: *Ulysses* with its ultimate 'Yes' affirms life, but only through the desperate discipline of art.

Having asserted this, Lewis devotes the major portion of his book to an analysis of five contemporary novelists: Moravia, Camus, Silone, Faulkner and Graham Greene. These men are, Lewis maintains, 'the most significant and representative' novelists of the second (our) generation. They are fundamentally different from their predecessors 'in their manner of responding to the fact of death. . . . The representative novelists of the second generation . . . have centred not upon the ubiquity of sickness and of death but on the act of living. Where, in the first generation, the image of disintegration was redeemed by the absolute value of art, the sense of nothingness has been transcended, in the second generation, by an agonizing dedication to life.' Lewis devotes a chapter-long essay to each of the five.

The title of Professor Lewis's study indicates his chief discovery: 'The representative story of the second generation is thus the story of a journey, or more often a chase: the story of a saintly rogue on his harried and perilous travels. The genre of fiction which has re-emerged to carry the adventure of the picaresque saint is the old and sometimes disreputable genre of the picaresque novel. . . .' Outstanding examples are found to be Silone's *Bread and Wine* and Greene's *The*

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Power and the Glory, but Lewis demonstrates quite remarkably how applicable this discovery is. In his readings of the five novelists, Lewis is uncommonly perceptive. His assessments of Moravia and Silone are heartily welcome; Silone, in particular, has been too long neglected by Anglo-American critics. Lewis is excellent on Camus, particularly on *The Stranger*—which takes on added meaning read as a representative picaresque novel. The analysis of Faulkner is equally acute, but I should point out here that Lewis pays scant attention to the Yoknapatawpha canon. *The Bear* and *The Fable* receive detailed study, but the masterful trilogy beginning with *The Hamlet* is not even mentioned. The Faulkner that is cited fits in well with *The Picaresque Saints*' thesis, but is it the complete or the truly hypostatic Faulkner?

Without taking great exception to any of Lewis's individual analyses (indeed, while being most grateful for them), I nevertheless remain unconvinced that the picaresque saint is '*The* representative of the contemporary [fictional] world.' Just as I wonder about the omission of certain works of Faulkner which I believe to be central to that novelist, I wonder about the omission of certain writers altogether. To ask the questions in order of importance, why shouldn't playwrights and poets—above all, poets—permit of similar interpretation? (Though I do not gainsay the novelist as moral historian, I do not give him sole title to that office.) The picaresque structure lends itself to drama—witness *Waiting for Godot*! And then, too, one can ask whether these five *are* the most significant and representative novelists of our generation. Camus's debt to Hemingway is justly noted, but Hemingway, himself, is not discussed. I don't know whether Lewis would share my belief that Hemingway is a superior novelist to the given sextet save Faulkner, but it would be difficult to deny his relative importance. Can any thesis which attempts to read our moral status through our writers be convincing if no room is found for Hemingway—or, for that matter, Eliot, Brecht, Frost and even Ezra Pound?

Those who are familiar with Professor Lewis's authoritative *The American Adam* will find that this latest work is not of a completely new cloth. The vigorous attention to contemporaries, however, and the attempt to draw in diverse cultures, do represent ranges of application heretofore unexplored. Perhaps, too, these extensions indicate a limitation to the kind of reading which made *The American Adam* so satisfactory. It is not a mythic pattern but a moral statement that Lewis is trying to discern here—and an overall, contemporary Western one. Certainly our literary artists have never ceased recording the moral history of their times; and we are always stimulated by an intelligent essay on interpretation of that history; but comparative examples invariably provoke other examples—which might refute or alter the stated conclusion.

It would be presumptuous, however, to write off *The Picaresque Saint* as nugatory or even unconvincing. The authors chosen are extraordinarily well analysed, and the work is full of original and valuable insights.

Stanley Tick

LEONARD SCHAPIRO:
The Communist Party of the Soviet Union
Eyre & Spottiswoode. London. 81s. 6d.

The history of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is a nightmare from which post-Stalin Communists are trying to awake. It brings the sense of stifling oppression, the dread and anguish that occur in nightmare, and in some it may induce utter powerlessness and a feeling of complete paralysis. The story begins, it is true, with a sweet dream of the

earthly paradise, or with two myths which in the nineteenth-century Russian context often had a strange beauty and attractive innocence: the vision of the golden age and the idea of 'the people'. Dostoievsky had once been moved by it: 'Marvellous dream, lofty error of Mankind! The Golden Age is the most unlikely of all the dreams that ever have been, but for it men have given up their life and all their strength, for the sake of it prophets have died and have slain, without it the peoples will not live and cannot die.' The very utopianism of the vision made men think it realizable, as Berdyaev pointed out in the passage from the *Origins of Russian Communism* used by Huxley as epigraph to *Brave New World*. Before these messianic expectations could develop at all strongly, the 'new men', the nihilists modelled on Turgenev's Bazarov, had to bring about the iconoclastic revolution of the eighteen-sixties, which cleared the ground, first for the Narodniki, and eventually for Leninism.

It is here that Mr Schapiro begins his story with an introductory sketch of the nineteenth-century Russian intelligentsia from 1825 and the crushing of the Decembrists, to 1898 when the abortive First Congress of the Russian Social Democratic (Labour) Party was held. Part One deals with the formative years from 1898 to 1917 and is dominated by Lenin, though it does not view things from the ultimately victorious Leninist point of view as some Western historians, like E.H.Carr, have tended to do. For instance, Schapiro shows that labels like 'Legal Marxism' and 'Economism' were largely an invention by Lenin in the struggle for the hegemony of his own factional party. Western historians have concentrated on the Stalin school of falsification and the re-writing of history after 1917. In a brilliant review early this year, Schapiro himself made a study of comparative prevarication and imaginative historiography when he put the new Khrushchev *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* alongside Stalin's old *Short Course* (curiously enough, there were some instances where the *Short Course* showed more respect for the truth). But too often the way in which an Orwellian 'memory-hole' was in operation on the spot, long before 1917, has been neglected by Western scholars.

Part Two deals with the period from 1917 to 1929 and the way from Lenin to Stalin. Without upholding any 'cult of personality' Schapiro nevertheless deals with matters as mainly, though not essentially, a conflict of personalities. Some reviewers have complained that his treatment is too individualistic and not sufficiently institutionalist. But it is hard to see how anyone could avoid giving his account in terms of the struggle for power between personalities and their followings, so that Trotsky, 'too proud to fight', is bound to dominate such a middle section. And, in any case, such criticisms are unjust to the use made of material on the structure, composition and organization of the party in Chapters 13, 17 and 24. These chapters are inevitably less exciting than the story told in terms of leading personalities and their followings. But they do a job which has hitherto not been done properly. It should give us a little provincial pride to note that in his Preface, the author pays special tribute to his debt in these chapters to the collaboration of Dr T.H. Rigby, of University College, Canberra. Rigby's research, 'which was of the thoroughness and high quality which he brings to all his work', was of vital importance for some of the novelties in Schapiro's brilliant history, and entitle him to be thought of perhaps as the Australian Namier of Russian studies.

The coincidence between a rising social movement (the careerist Party

bureaucracy), an institution (the Secretariat), and a man, Stalin, made the perfection of the Party's terrorist and despotic organization the major event of the middle period. In Part Three we get an account of Stalin's murderous Third Revolution, in which Schapiro's painstaking research and solid erudition supply us with many important new facts and insights. An Epilogue brings the story after Stalin's death up to 1959, and a number of exceedingly useful appendices give the dates of Party Congresses and Conferences, the members and candidate members of the Politburo and the organization of the Party Secretariat.

Leonard Schapiro, now Reader in Russian Government and Politics in the University of London, is greatly respected by all students of Russian history for a first-rate book he gave us five years ago, *The Origins of the Communist Autocracy*. That volume was distinguished not only by superlative and illuminating scholarship, but also by firm moral and political judgment unobtrusively assumed and sustained. Here too we have another book of cardinal importance which is quite indispensable for any student of the subject and which is one of the very best examples of Western historical studies. It is a little disappointing when one begins to find Schapiro writing in his Preface as if he is going to follow Ranke or Max Weber and is going to 'avoid making value judgments and leave the facts to speak for themselves'. But we are not led into any arid waste of bloodless dispassion as a Towster, a Carr or a Party apologist might lead us. The author pauses to be just to the vanquished as well as to the victors, enables us to discern the monstrous along with, or in, the apparently ordinary and prosaic, and does not in fact refrain entirely from ironical, thoughtful or humane remarks on the side. He adroitly manages both to let the facts speak for themselves and to speak for himself in his own clear voice as well. It is the voice of a man who, as he puts it in his Preface, has a predilection for 'respect for human life and dignity, freedom of thought and speech, justice, truth, and peace between man and man'.

Douglas McCallum

E. L. FRENCH (editor):
Melbourne Studies in Education, 1958-1959
Melbourne University Press. 30s. od.

Two of the four essays in this book seem, at first sight, to have a very remote relation to education. They are the essay by Professor Leicester Webb on 'Churches and the Australian Community' and that by Mr A.F.Davies on 'Problems of Decentralization in State Government in Australia'. Yet each essay is very useful for predicting probable developments in Australian education.

This is fairly obvious in the case of the essay by Mr Davies. In the third essay of the book entitled 'A Plea for Decentralization in Australian Education' Mr Turner expresses a moderate hope that the various State systems of education can be decentralized geographically. Mr Davies shows where there is little chance of this happening because of the weakness of local government and of local community spirit in Australia. Readers are left to draw the conclusion that the best chance of a decentralized system of education lies in State encouragement of systems of education additional to the State systems, e.g., those under the control of the Churches.

Professor Leicester Webb examines the question of whether a secular State, which wishes to remain secular, can prudently encourage all, or only some, Church systems of education. He thinks that a fair test for the State to apply is whether or not a

particular church system of education is likely to produce citizens who will respect and try to preserve the neutrality of the State in religious matters. He then examines the larger churches in Australia to see whether they are likely to pass this test. He thinks they all will pass it, except, possibly, the Catholic Church. All the other large churches have in the past, when they could, used State power to favour their own particular religion; but they will not do so in the future in Australia. Their present behaviour and professed principles of Church-State relationships are, probably, a sufficient guarantee of future behaviour. This probability becomes a certainty since none of these churches will ever control the obedient allegiance of a majority of the population.

The Catholic Church is in a different position. It will soon have the allegiance of one third or more of the Australian population. Its members do obey their bishops. It has no official doctrine in favour of the non-confessional State, except as a matter of temporary expediency. It has, in the past, often defended States which had an official religion, so long as that religion was the Catholic religion. It is true that all modern democratic States which have a large Catholic majority do retain State neutrality in religious matters. But the present behaviour of Catholics is no guarantee of their future behaviour. Their present tolerance may be based on impotence, expediency or a Liberal error which the Catholic hierarchy may soon oppose. Non-Catholics cannot feel in safe possession of their present civic liberties until the Catholic Church accepts the religiously neutral State on undisputed principles deduced from the Church's own theological principles.

Professor Webb is well aware that there is no defined Catholic doctrine either for or against the secular State. He wants one. He is well aware that the lawfulness of the permanently secular State is still a matter of discussion among Catholic bishops, theologians and laymen. He wants the discussion to end in some official teaching of the Church, so that non-Catholics may know where they stand.

All of this seems reasonable and true. More Catholic theologians should regard this question of the secular State as one of the most important questions of our time. At present, too many of them tend to quote and heed papal statements without any strict analysis of their meaning or degree of authority. What is now needed is an application to this question of the same scientific methods and strict logic that were used in the past to decide questions concerning the Blessed Trinity, or the number of the Sacraments. Until that is done, and a decision made, it will be difficult to establish conditions favourable to a united Christian effort against Communism and other world evils. It will also be difficult to obtain just financial support from the State for Australian Catholic schools.

John M. Fahey

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON:
The Law and the Profits
John Murray. London. 18s. 9d.

This contains Parkinson's Second Law ('Expenditure rises to meet income') and his related attacks on what he believes to be the danger of high levels of taxation. He thinks that the evil effects begin at ten per cent., that at twenty-five per cent. inflation becomes serious, above thirty per cent. causes national decline and at thirty-six per cent. 'there is disaster, complete and final, although not always immediate'. The book is not as brilliant and high-spirited as his first: the author feels that the danger is so oppressively great that it is no longer funny, though he still manages to get some fun out of it.

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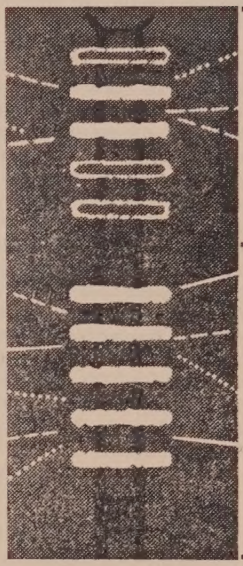

TEMPERATURE FORECAST

When the lights are:
Rising, Becoming warmer
Falling, Becoming cooler
Steady ..... No change

WEATHER FORECAST

WHITE:
Steady ..... Fine
Two Sec. Flashes, Clearing
Half Sec. Flashes, Windy

RED:
Steady ..... Rain
Two Sec. Flashes
Change developing
Half Sec. Flashes
Strong winds and rain

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YVOR WINTERS:
The Poetry of W.B.Yeats
Alan Swallow. Denver. n.p.

W. B. YEATS:
Essays and Introductions
Macmillan. London. 56s. 6d.

Yvor Winter's pamphlet-essay develops a good deal of the case for the prosecution against W.B.Yeats. Coldly laid out, Yeats's ideas are not very respectable. He went in for occultism, spiritism and magic. He tried to combine an apparatus of gnostic lore with a glorification of violence, sensuality and unreason. What he attacked in his well-known poem 'The Second Coming' was *not* totalitarianism but constitutional democracy, and what he hailed was something like fascism. Technically, much of his work is clumsy and has recourse to fake effects. Winters allows for the existence of some counterbalancing virtues, but any defence of Yeats has to take honest account of the charges made.

The collection of Yeats's prose writings now re-published under the title *Essays and Introductions* provides many hints of how the mind of Yeats got that way. The best line of defence is probably to say that there were genuine values he wished to preserve against an industrial and sceptical age but that he was too muddled and undisciplined to get the values clear and defend them intelligently.

J. B. BROADBENT:
Some Graver Subject
Chatto & Windus. London. 49s. 9d.

JOHN PETERS:
A Critique of Paradise Lost
Longmans. London. 41s. 6d.

Milton's *Paradise Lost* seems to have become the major battleground for modern criticism. For Pound, Eliot and Leavis, Milton was a great obstructive mass that had to be demolished to allow the sound forces of tradition to course freely. The New Criticism with its microscopic approach to texts could make nothing of him. Not only could it not see the wood for the trees: it could not see a tree for having its vision concentrated on the possibility of grubs within a patch of bark. Things are changing: revisionism has been sanctioned by Eliot himself. Empson is in process of giving Milton the benefit of his ingenuity and is going to prove that *Paradise Lost* means something that no one ever thought it could mean. Kermode says it is 'perhaps the richest and most intricately beautiful poem in the world'. Leavis thinks the Milton revival is a plot to annoy him personally. To this vigorous strife J.B. Broadbent brings a systematic commentary on *Paradise Lost* which is genuinely helpful to the reader who wants to place himself at the correct point of view for reading Milton. If we set aside a few muddy patches caused by his desire to relate Milton to some mixture of Freud, Kierkegaard, Brunner, D.H.Lawrence, and Niebuhr, it is a good book.

The critique by Professor Peters is a stimulating review, though at times one wonders whether a twentieth-century sensibility peering so closely at the texture of seventeenth-century meaning does not result in new distortions. Full justice is done to the fine and beautifully written Miltonic criticism of the late A.J.A.Waldock of Sydney University.

BERTOLT BRECHT:
Selected Poems
Grove Press. New York. 17s. 6d.

Brecht's literary career was devoted primarily to the theatre and at least a quarter of the poems printed in this volume are songs from his best known plays. Devotees of Brecht's theatre will welcome this selection of his verse.

The best poems in this book are those from *Hauspostille*: the well-known, austere 'Concerning Poor

B.B.' and the brilliant 'black' ballads 'Apfelböck' and 'Marie Farrar' which doubtless helped W.H.Auden write his poems about Miss Edith Gee and Victor. The anti-fascist, anti-Nazi poems are the inherently moving protests of an outraged social conscience against evil and tyranny; and the deeply moving 'Children's Crusade 1939' has the bareness and anonymity of the great ballads. This short selection, admirably translated, honours Brecht's best poetic productions and reveals the erosion of a delicate sensibility into strident intellectualism and cynicism.

D. S. BREWER (editor):
The Parlement of Foulys
Nelson. London. 20s. 9d.

Chaucer's finest short poem is presented in the excellent Mediaeval and Renaissance Library series. The editor says that interest has recently revived in this poem: 'A new flexibility in our expectation of what poetry may be, a new assertion of the relevance of mediaeval poetry, have made it easier for the "common reader" to submit himself to the controlling power of Chaucer's imagination in a poem that is more unusual than it looks.'

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAGY AFFAIR,
Facts, Documents, Comments, with a Preface by Albert Camus
Secker & Warburg. London. 43s. 6d.

People forget; especially when remembrance is mixed with shame and embarrassment. Who wants to be reminded now that in 1956 the free world stood by helpless while Soviet troops crushed resistance in Budapest? Who now cares about the fate of Imre Nagy, the head of the democratic government formed during the October rising? He took asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, but came out when guarantees were given that he would not be molested. As soon as he emerged he was kidnapped by Soviet police and taken to Rumania. Rumania assured the United Nations that he had been given safe asylum. But Nagy was handed over to the Kadar Government and tried in secret. The trial and sentence became known only by the same communique that announced that he had been executed, along with three others. 'The dogs are destroyed,' said Radio Sofia. 'Fascist murderers are not handled with kid gloves,' said East Berlin Radio. Marshal Voroshilov, questioned about Nagy in Brussels said: 'I think he was simply a fool.'

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ, WILLIAM R. KINTNER, JAMES E. DOUGHERTY, ALVIN J. COTTRELL:
Protracted Conflict
Harper. New York. $3.95.

Four associates of the Foreign Policy Research Institute have attempted to formulate the general operational code of Communism as a power system bent on world conquest.

The book has been adversely criticized in some quarters; for instance, for treating Communism purely in terms of its techniques of struggle, neglecting its specific ideological content; and for coming up with no more, in formulating its operational code, than the sort of tactical procedures that commonsense would suggest.

Such criticisms seem misplaced. There is some point in abstracting techniques of aggression from the complex of Communist thought and action as a whole. And, while one does not expect any utterly novel and mysterious revelations from such an analysis, the fact remains that part of Western weakness has been a failure to consistently grasp the nature of the 'protracted conflict' in which we are inextricably engaged, and to counter Communist operations by a more unified strategy. This book is a useful contribution to an understanding of the conflict, so long as it is read together with other kinds of analysis.

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